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BOOK SEVEN

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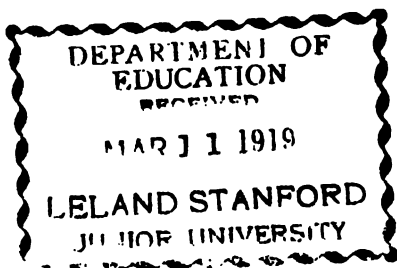


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THE BLODGETT READERS BY GRADES

BOOK SEVEN

BY

FRANCES E. BLODGETT

AND

ANDREW B. BLODGETT

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

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PREFACE

The chief aim in preparing this basal reader for use in the upper grades of grammar schools has been to make a collection of standard literature which shall appeal to the interest of the pupils. Oral reading, to be most effective, should have this constant stimulus. A large proportion, therefore, of the selections included in this volume have that dramatic or narrative quality which best holds the attention of boys and girls.

On the other hand, there are certain masterpieces of literary art which, while they may arouse no immediate response from young people, ought to be familiar to them. A judicious selection of such pieces will be found in the following pages.

An effort has also been made to present typical extracts from the work of foreign writers, and to establish the proper perspective in regard to literature in general. History, biography, essays, travels, and scientific works, as well as poetry and fiction, have all been drawn upon for suitable material. The range of authorship here represented will inevitably broaden and educate the perception of literary values.

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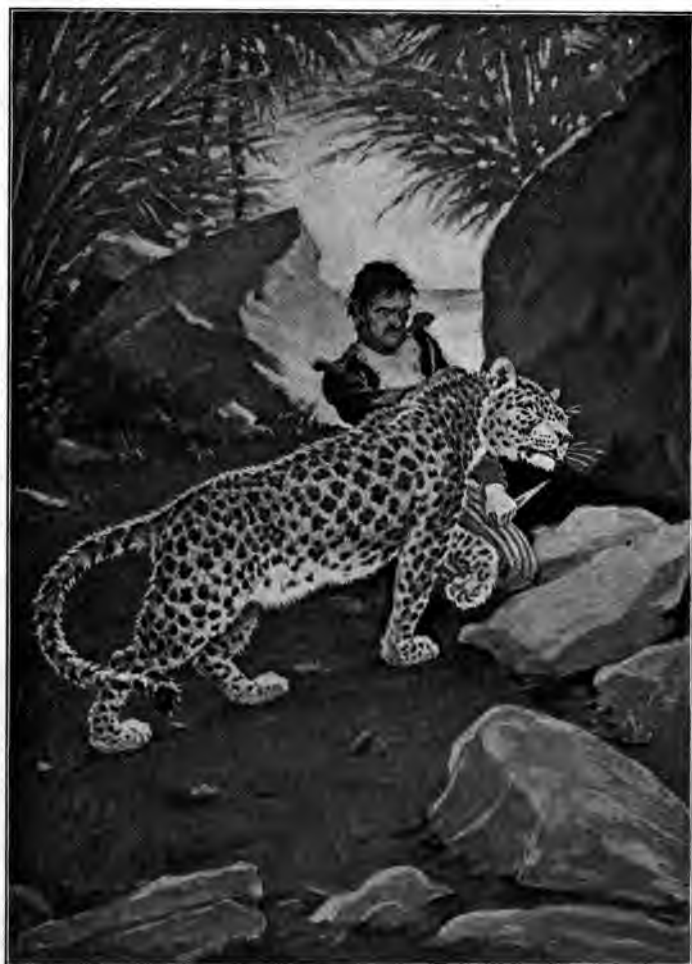
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THE BLODGETT READERS

BY GRADES

BOOK SEVEN

A TRAGEDY IN THE DESERT — I

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

HONORÉ DE BALZAC (ô nô ră de bal zăc) was a gifted French author who was born in 1799 and died in 1850. He was the founder of the modern social novel, and his is one of the greatest names in French literature. The following pages are adapted from *Scenes of Military Life*.

During an Egyptian expedition a French soldier fell 5
into the hands of a company of Arabs and was taken by
them into the desert beyond the falls of the Nile.

In order to place a safe distance between themselves
and the French army, the Arabs made a forced march and
only rested during the night. Having no fear that their 10
prisoner would try to escape into the illimitable desert,
they contented themselves with binding his hands.

As soon as the soldier saw that his captors were asleep,
he managed to cut the cords that bound him by rubbing
them against the blade of a scimitar fixed between his 15
knees. Seizing a rifle and a dagger, and also providing
himself with food in the shape of some dried dates and a
little bag of barley, he fastened a scimitar to his belt,
leaped upon one of the camp horses, and rode off in the

direction which he supposed the French army to have taken. Unfortunately his horse was incapable of further exertion, and before many miles had been covered, the poor animal fell dead, leaving the Frenchman alone in the desert.

5 After walking all day through the sand with the courage of an escaped convict, the soldier was obliged to stop. Fortunately he had reached a small hill, on the summit of which a few palm trees shot up into the air; it was their verdure seen from afar which had brought hope to
10 his heart. His weariness was so great that he lay down upon a granite boulder, curiously shaped like a camp bed, and there he fell asleep without taking any measures for his defense while he slept. He had apparently sacrificed his life, and his last thought was merely one of regret.
15 He repented having left the Arabs, whose nomad life began to attract him now that he was far from them and without help.

He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays fell with all their force on his hard bed and produced an intolerable heat. When he looked around him despair filled
20 his soul. The dark sand of the desert spread farther than sight could reach in every direction, and glittered like steel struck with bright light. It might have been a sea of looking-glass, or lakes melted together in a mirror.
25 Waves of fiery vapor whirled over the quivering land. The sky was lit with an Oriental splendor, leaving naught for the imagination to desire. Heaven and earth were on fire.

The silence was awful in its wild and terrible majesty. Infinity, immensity, closed in upon the soul from every side. Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a flaw on the bosom of the sand, which seemed ever moving in diminutive waves; the horizon ended as at sea on a clear day, with one line of light, definite as the cut of a sword. 5

The soldier threw his arms round the trunk of one of the trees, as though it were a friend, and there, in the shelter of the narrow shadow cast by the palm, he wept. He cried aloud to measure the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hill, sounded faintly and aroused no echo; the echo was in his own heart. 10

Looking by turns at the dark expanse and the blue expanse, the soldier dreamed of France, he smelled with delight the streets of Paris, he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his fellow-soldiers, the most minute details of his life. At length he went down the opposite side of the hill to that by which he had come up the night before. His joy was great when he discovered a kind of cave among the immense fragments of granite which formed the base of the mound. The remains of a rug showed that this place of refuge had at one time been inhabited; at a short distance he saw some palm trees full of dates. Then the instinct which binds us to life awoke again in his heart. He hoped to live long enough for passing Arabs to find him, or perhaps he might soon hear the 20

sound of cannon, for at this time Bonaparte was traversing Egypt.

This thought gave him new life. He passed suddenly from dark despair to an almost insane joy. He went up again to the top of the hill, and spent the rest of the day in cutting down one of the trees, which the night before had served him for shelter. A vague memory made him think of the animals of the desert; and, foreseeing that they would come to drink at the spring near the foot of the rocks, he resolved to guard himself from their visits by placing a barrier at the entrance of his hermitage.

In spite of his diligence, and the strength which the fear of being devoured while asleep gave him, he found it impossible to chop the palm in pieces, though he succeeded in cutting it down. When, toward night, the king of the desert fell, the crash of its fall resounded far and wide, and the soldier shuddered as though he had heard some voice predicting woe.

He tore off from this beautiful tree the tall, broad, green leaves which are its ornament, and used them to mend the mat on which he was to rest. Fatigued by the heat and his work, he soon fell asleep.

In the middle of the night he was wakened by an extraordinary noise; he sat up, and the deep silence around him allowed him to distinguish a deep, regular breathing whose savage energy could not belong to a human creature. A profound terror, increased still further by the darkness,

the silence, and his waking dreams, froze his heart within him. He almost felt his hair stand on end, when by straining his sight to its utmost he perceived through the shadow two faint yellow lights. At first he attributed these lights to the reflection of his own eyes, but soon the vivid brilliance of the night aided him gradually to distinguish the objects around him in the cave, and he beheld a huge animal lying but a few steps from him. Was it a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile?

The soldier was not educated enough to know under what species his enemy ought to be classed; but his fright was all the greater, as his ignorance led him to imagine many terrors at once. He endured a cruel torture, noting every variation of the breathing close to him without daring to make the slightest movement. An odor as strong as that of a fox, but more penetrating, filled the cave, and when the man became sensible of this, his terror reached its height, for he could no longer doubt the proximity of a terrible companion, whose royal dwelling was serving him for a shelter.

20

Presently the reflection of the moon descending toward the horizon lit up the den and rendered visible and resplendent the spotted skin of a panther.

This lion of Egypt slept, curled up like a big dog, the peaceful possessor of a sumptuous niche at the door of its palace; its eyes, opened for a moment, were now closed; its face was turned toward the man. A thousand confused

notions passed through the Frenchman's mind ; first he thought of killing it with a bullet from his gun, but he saw that there was not enough distance between them for him to take proper aim ; the shot would miss the mark.
5 And if he missed ? The idea paralyzed him with terror. Twice he laid his hand upon his scimitar, but each time the rashness of the plan unnerved him. He preferred the chances of fair fight, and made up his mind to wait till morning. The morning was not long in coming.

10 He could now examine the panther at ease ; the fur on her flanks was glistening white ; many small, velvety marks formed beautiful bracelets round her paws ; her overdress, yellow like unburnished gold but very sleek and soft, had the characteristic blotches in the form of rosettes,
15 which distinguish the panther from every other feline species. Her pose was as graceful as that of a cat asleep upon a cushion, but her muzzle was smeared with blood.

“She's had a good dinner,” he thought, without troubling himself as to whether her feast might have been on
20 human flesh. “She won't be hungry when she wakes.”

If he had seen his tranquil hostess in a cage, the soldier would doubtless have admired the grace of the animal, and the contrasts of vivid color which gave her robe an imperial splendor ; but now he was disturbed by her
25 sinister appearance. The presence of the panther, even when asleep, had the same effect which the magnetic eyes of the serpent are said to have upon the nightingale.

For a moment the soldier's courage failed as he realized his danger, though no doubt it would have risen at the mouth of a cannon charged with shell. Nevertheless, a bold thought brought daylight to his soul and dried the cold sweat which dampened his brow. Like men driven to 5 desperation, who offer themselves up to destruction, he resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"The day before yesterday the Arabs might have killed me," he said ; so, considering himself as good as dead already, he waited bravely, with excited curiosity, his 10 enemy's awakening.

A TRAGEDY IN THE DESERT — II

When the sun rose the panther suddenly opened her eyes ; then she put out her paws with energy, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. At last she yawned, showing the formidable apparatus of her teeth and pointed 15 tongue, rough as a file.

She licked off the blood which stained her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head with reiterated gestures full of charm.

"All right, make a little toilet," the Frenchman said 20 to himself, beginning to recover his gayety with his courage ; "we'll say good morning to each other presently." At this moment the panther turned her head toward the man and looked at him fixedly without moving.

The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable luster made him shudder, especially when the animal walked toward him. But he looked at her caressingly, staring into her eyes in order to magnetize her, and let her
5 come close to him ; then with a movement both confiding and affectionate he passed his hand over her whole body, from the head to the tail, scratching the flexible vertebræ which divided the panther's yellow back. The eyes of the animal grew gentle, and she uttered a purring sound such
10 as that by which our cats express their pleasure ; but this murmur issued from a throat so powerful and so deep that it rang through the cave like the last vibrations of an organ in a church.

The man, understanding the importance of his caresses,
15 redoubled them. When he felt sure of having lessened the ferocity of his companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been satisfied the night before, he rose to leave the cave ; the panther let him go out, but when he had reached the summit of the hill she sprang lightly after him and
20 rubbed herself against his legs, putting up her back after the manner of all cats. Then regarding her guest with eyes whose glare had softened a little, she uttered that wild cry which naturalists compare to the grating of a saw.

“ She is exacting,” said the Frenchman, smiling.

25 He was bold enough to play with her ears ; he scratched her head and stroked her fur. Assured of his success he even tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for

the moment to kill her, but the hardness of her bones made him fearful of failure.

The sultana of the desert showed herself gracious to her slave ; she lifted her head, stretched out her neck, and manifested her delight by the tranquillity of her attitude. 5
At length she laid herself gracefully at his feet and cast up at him glances in which, in spite of their natural fierceness, was mingled confusedly a kind of good will. The poor soldier ate his dates, leaning against one of the palm trees, but gazing alternately toward the desert in quest of 10 some liberator, and at his terrible companion to watch her uncertain clemency.

The panther looked at the place where the date stones fell, and every time that he threw one down, her eyes narrowed suspiciously. She examined the man with an almost 15 commercial prudence. However, this examination was favorable to him, for when he had finished his meager meal she licked his boots with her powerful rough tongue, brushing off with marvelous skill the dust gathered in the creases.

“ Ah, but when she’s really hungry ! ” thought the 20 Frenchman.

In spite of the shudder this thought caused him, the soldier began to measure curiously the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most splendid specimens of her race. She was three feet high and four feet long with- 25 out counting her tail ; this powerful weapon, rounded like a cudgel, was nearly three feet long. The head, as large

as that of a lioness, was distinguished by a rare expression of subtle intelligence.

The soldier began now to walk up and down, and the panther left him free, contenting herself with following
5 him with her eyes, less like a faithful dog than a big Angora cat, mistrustful of everything, even of the movements of her master.

When he looked round he saw by the spring the remains of his horse; the panther had dragged the carcass
10 all the way; about two thirds of it had been devoured already. The sight reassured him.

It was easy now to explain the panther's absence and the respect she had had for him while he slept. The first
piece of good luck emboldened him to tempt the future,
15 and he conceived the wild hope of keeping on good terms with the animal during the entire day, neglecting no means of taming her and of remaining in her good graces.

He returned to her and had the unspeakable joy of seeing her move her tail gently at his approach. He sat
20 down, then, without fear by her side, and they began to play together; he took her paws and muzzle, pulled her ears, rolled her over on her back, stroked her warm, silky flanks. She let him do whatever he liked, and when he began to smooth the hair on her paws, she drew her
25 claws in carefully like a well-trained cat.

He seemed to have found a friend in this boundless desert; and some memory of his early days suggested to

him the idea of making the young panther answer to the name of Mignonne, now that he began to admire with less terror her swiftness, suppleness, and softness. Toward the end of the day he had familiarized himself with his perilous position ; and his companion would look up at him 5 whenever he cried " Mignonne."

Counting on his ability to run away from her as soon as she was asleep, the soldier waited with impatience the hour of his flight. When it arrived he walked vigorously in the direction of the Nile ; but hardly had he gone a 10 quarter of a league in the sand, when he heard the panther bounding after him, crying with that saw-like cry, more dreadful even than the sound of her leaping.

" Ah ! " he said, " then she's taken a fancy to me ; it is really quite flattering." 15

At that very instant the man fell into one of those quicksands which are so terrible to travelers and from which it is impossible to save one's self. Feeling himself caught, he gave a shriek of alarm ; the panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and, springing vigorously 20 backward, drew him, as if by magic, out of the engulfing sand.

" Ah, Mignonne ! " cried the soldier, caressing her fondly, " now we're bound together for life and death ; but no jokes, mind ! " and he retraced his steps. 25

No longer did the desert seem uninhabited. It contained a being to whom the man could talk, and whose ferocity

had been subdued by him, though he could not explain to himself the reason for their strange friendship.

Great as was the soldier's desire to stay up on guard that night, he slept. On awakening he could not find
 5 Mignonne. Mounting the hill, he saw her springing toward him after the habit of those animals who cannot run on account of the extreme flexibility of the vertebral column. She came up to him, her jaws covered with blood; she received the wonted caress of her companion,
 10 showing with much purring how happy it made her. Her eyes, full of languor, turned gently toward him and he talked to her as one would to a tame animal. She played like a puppy with her master, letting herself be rolled about, pommeled, and fondled by turns.

15 Several days passed in this manner, but he was obliged to watch like a spider in his web lest the moment of his deliverance by some possible traveler should escape him. He had torn up his shirt to make a flag, and this he hung at the top of a palm tree whose foliage he had pulled off.
 20 Taught by necessity, he found the means of keeping the flag spread out, by fastening it with little sticks, for the wind might not be blowing at the moment when the passing traveler was looking across the desert.

It was during the long hours when he had abandoned
 25 hope that he amused himself with the panther. He had come to learn the different inflections of her voice, the expressions of her eyes; he had studied the patterns of all

the rosettes which marked the gold of her robe. It gave him pleasure to watch the supple, fine outlines of her form and the graceful pose of her head. But it was when she was playing that he felt most pleasure in looking at her; the agility and lightness of her movements were a con- 5
tinual surprise; he wondered at the supple way in which she jumped and climbed, washed herself and arranged her fur, crouched down and prepared to spring. However rapid her leap might be, however slippery the stone she was on, she would always stop short at the word 10
“Mignonne!”

And how did it all end?

Alas! in a misunderstanding. Suddenly one day, when they were playing together, the panther turned and with her sharp teeth caught hold of the man's leg, gently, I 15
dare say, and not meaning to do him harm; but he, thinking she was about to devour him, plunged his dagger into her throat. She rolled over, giving a cry that he never forgot, but looking at him without anger. He would have given all the world to have brought her to life again. 20
And the soldiers who had seen his flag and hastened to his assistance, found him in tears.

forced march: a long march made with all possible speed and allowing none of the usual pauses for rest. — **scimitar** (sīm'ī ter): a short, curved sword. — **Bonaparte**: Napoleon Bonaparte was a famous French officer who attempted to conquer Egypt as a means of attacking English commerce in the East. He was made Emperor of the French in 1804, but after years spent in warfare with most of the countries of Europe he died in exile in 1821.



A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–1894) was one of the most gifted of British authors.

At the top of the woods I struck leftward by a path among the pines until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a
5 streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water tap. The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade; there was no outlook, except northeastward upon distant hilltops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like
10 a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed the donkey, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal, and as soon as the sun went down I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead, monotonous period under a roof ; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains is only a 5 light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afieid. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely ; even as she takes her rest she turns and smiles ; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping 10 hemisphere. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows ; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides and change to a new lair among the ferns ; and houseless men, who 15 have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught and, feeling broad awake, sat 20 upright. The stars were clear, colored, and jewel-like but not frosty. A faint, silvery vapor stood for the Milky Way. All round me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the packsaddle I could see the donkey walking round and round at the length of her 25 tether ; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward ; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable

quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay studying the color of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars.

5 A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time, so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long.

When I awoke again many of the stars had disappeared ;
 10 only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead ; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glowworm light put on my boots and
 15 gaiters ; then I broke some bread for the donkey, filled my can at the water tap, and lit my spirit lamp to boil some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered ; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the moun-
 20 tain tops. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight ; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected ; but the still black pine trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing
 25 had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my chocolate, and strolled here and there, and up and down the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes 5 in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely. 10

I hastened to prepare my pack and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravansary. The room 15 was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, 20 to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

Abridged from *Travels with a Donkey*

sward (sward) : grass. — **runnel** : a little stream. — **void** : emptiness. — **caravansary** (càr a vãn'sà rỹ) : an unfurnished inn, in the East, where caravans rest at night. — **drover** : one who drives cattle or sheep to market.

A FOREST HYMN ¹

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878) was a distinguished American poet and editor. He loved nature, and gave to the world a new sense of the beauty and glory of simple things.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 5 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 10 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the still twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 15 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 20 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs

¹ From Bryant's *Complete Poems*. By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,
 Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand	5
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou	
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down	
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose	
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,	
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,	10
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,	
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died	
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood;	
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,	
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold	15
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,	
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride	
Report not. No fantastic carvings show	
The boast of our vain race to change the form	
Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st	20
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds	
That run along the summit of these trees	
In music ; thou art in the cooler breath	
That from the inmost darkness of the place	
Comes, scarcely felt ; the barky trunks, the ground,	25
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.	
Here is continual worship ; — nature, here,	

In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes ; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
 5 Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
 10 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
 By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
 Almost annihilated — not a prince
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 15 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
 20 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe. . . .
 There have been holy men who hid themselves
 25 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed

Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them ; — and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure 5
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble and are still. O God ! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill, 10
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms 15
 Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath 20
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives. 25

architrave (är'kī trāv) : literally, the chief beam ; that which rests on the columns. — **instinct** : alive. — **without a witness** : see Acts xiv. 17.

PSALM VIII

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou
5 mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

10 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the
15 air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM XIX

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firma-
20 ment sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out

through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. 5

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward. 15

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

From the *Bible* 25

where their voice: in the revised versions "where" is omitted, making the meaning clearer.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE

THOMAS MOORE

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852) was an Irish poet noted for the melody of his lyrics. His most famous poem is "Lalla Rookh."

Thou art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see :
 5 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine ;
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays
 10 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 15 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 20 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

even : evening.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789-1851) was the first American author to write stories of adventure. His thirty-two novels are of uneven merit. Of the eight which are considered his best, six are tales of pioneer and Indian life; *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover* are stories of the sea.

NOTE. Duncan Heyward, a young officer in the colonial army during the French and Indian War, is in disguise in a camp of hostile Indians. Suddenly a fearful uproar is heard, and men, women, and children rush out of their lodges to greet a band of returning warriors.

There yet lingered sufficient light in the heavens to exhibit those bright openings among the tree tops, where 10 different paths left the clearing to enter the depths of the wilderness. Beneath one of them a line of warriors issued from the woods and advanced slowly toward the dwellings.

When at the distance of a few hundred feet from the lodges the newly arrived warriors halted. Their plaintive 15 and terrific cry, which was intended to represent equally the wailings of the dead and the triumph of the victors, had entirely ceased. One of their number now called aloud in words that were far from appalling, though not more intelligible to those for whose ears they were intended 20 than their expressive yells. It would be difficult to convey a suitable idea of the savage ecstasy with which the news thus imparted was received. The whole encampment in a moment became a scene of the most violent bustle and

commotion. The warriors drew their knives, and, flourishing them, they arranged themselves in two lines, forming a lane that extended from the war party to the lodges.



The squaws seized clubs, axes, or whatever weapon of
5 offense first offered itself to their hands, and rushed eagerly
to act their part in the cruel game that was at hand.
Even the children would not be excluded ; but boys, little
able to wield the instruments, tore the tomahawks from
the belts of their fathers and stole into the ranks, apt
10 imitators of the savage traits exhibited by their parents.

Large piles of brush lay scattered about the clearing, and a wary and aged squaw was occupied in firing as many as might serve to light the coming exhibition. As the flame arose, its power exceeded that of the parting day, and assisted to render objects at the same time more distinct and more hideous. The whole scene formed a striking picture, whose frame was composed by the dark and tall border of pines. The warriors just arrived were the most distant figures. A little in advance stood two men, who were apparently selected from the rest as the principal actors in what was to follow. The light was not strong enough to render their features distinct, though it was quite evident that they were governed by very different emotions. While one stood erect and firm, prepared to meet his fate like a hero, the other bowed his head, as if palsied by terror or stricken with shame. The high-spirited Duncan felt a powerful impulse of admiration and pity toward the former, though no opportunity could offer to exhibit his generous emotions. He watched his slightest movement, however, with eager eyes, and as he traced the fine outline of his admirably proportioned and active frame, he endeavored to persuade himself that if the powers of man could bear one harmless through so severe a trial, the youthful captive before him might hope for success in the hazardous race he was about to run.

Insensibly the young man drew nigher to the swarthy lines of the Hurons, and scarcely breathed, so intense

became his interest in the spectacle. Just then the signal yell was given, and the momentary quiet which had preceded it was broken by a burst of cries that far exceeded any before heard. The most abject of the two victims
5 continued motionless; but the other bounded from the place at the cry with the activity and swiftness of a deer. Instead of rushing through the hostile lines, as had been expected, he just entered the dangerous defile, and before time was given for a single blow, turned short, and leaping
10 the heads of a row of children, he gained at once the exterior and safer side of the formidable array. The artifice was answered by a hundred voices raised in imprecations, and the whole of the excited multitude broke from their order and spread themselves about the place in wild
15 confusion.

It will easily be understood that amid such a concourse of vindictive enemies no breathing time was allowed the fugitive. There was a single moment when it seemed as if he would have reached the forest, but the whole body
20 of his captors threw themselves before him and drove him back into the center of his relentless persecutors. Turning like a headed deer, he shot with the swiftness of an arrow through a pillar of forked flame, and passing the whole multitude unharmed, he appeared on the opposite side of
25 the clearing. Here, too, he was met and turned by a few of the older and more subtle of the Hurons. Once more he tried the throng, as if seeking safety in its blindness,

and then several moments succeeded, during which Duncan believed that the active and courageous young stranger was lost.

Nothing could be distinguished but a dark mass of human forms, tossed and involved in inexplicable confusion. Arms, gleaming knives, and formidable clubs appeared above them, but the blows were evidently given at random. The awful effect was heightened by the piercing shrieks of the women and the fierce yells of the warriors. Now and then Duncan caught a glimpse of a light form cleaving the air in some desperate bound, and he rather hoped than believed that the captive yet retained the command of his astonishing powers of activity.

Suddenly the multitude rolled backward and approached the spot where he himself stood. The stranger reappeared in the confusion. Human power could not, however, much longer endure so severe a trial. Of this the captive seemed conscious. Profiting by the momentary opening, he darted from among the warriors and made a desperate and what seemed to Duncan a final effort to gain the wood. As if aware that no danger was to be apprehended from the young soldier, the fugitive nearly brushed his person in his flight. A tall and powerful Huron, who had husbanded his forces, pressed close upon his heels, and with an uplifted arm menaced a fatal blow. Duncan thrust forth a foot, and the shock precipitated the eager savage headlong many feet in advance of his intended victim.

Thought itself is not quicker than was the motion with which the latter profited by the advantage; he turned, gleamed like a meteor again before the eyes of Duncan, and at the next moment, when the latter recovered his
 5 recollection and gazed around in quest of the captive, he saw him quietly leaning against a small painted post which stood before the door of the principal lodge.

Apprehensive that the part he had taken in the escape might prove fatal to himself, Duncan left the place with-
 10 out delay. He followed the crowd, which drew nigh the lodges, gloomy and sullen like any other multitude that had been disappointed in an execution. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, induced him to approach the stranger. He found him standing with one arm cast about the
 15 protecting post, and breathing thick and hard after his incredible exertions, but still disdaining to permit a single sign of suffering to escape. His person was now protected by immemorial and sacred usage, until the tribe in council had deliberated and determined on his fate.

From *The Last of the Mohicans*.

Running the Gauntlet : Parkman, the historian, thus describes this cruel game: " When a war party returned with prisoners, the whole population of the village turned out to receive them, armed with sticks, clubs, or even deadlier weapons. The captive was ordered to run to a given point, while his tormentors, ranging themselves in two rows, inflicted on him a merciless flagellation, which only ceased when he had reached the goal." — **offer :** present itself. — **Hurons :** members of an Indian tribe. — **a headed deer :** a deer is often turned by heading it off rather than by pursuit. — **husbanded :** saved; kept in reserve. — **a small painted post :** the goal.

EXCALIBUR

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, late poet laureate of England and one of the greatest poets of his time, was born in 1809 and died in 1892. His verse is noted for its perfect form and melody.

NOTE. The following selection is taken from *The Passing of Arthur*, one of the well-known *Idylls of the King*. According to the story on which 5
Tennyson founded his poem, King Arthur finds that his nephew Modred, whom the king has appointed regent in his absence, has been a traitor, and has won over to his cause some of the knights of the Round Table. Arthur pursues Modred to Lyonnesse, where both are mortally wounded in a great battle. Sir Bedivere (bĕd'ī vē), one of the loyal knights, is the 10
only member of the famous circle who is left unhurt.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their lord, 15
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land : 20
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record. . . .
 I am so deeply smitten through the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 5 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
 10 And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known:
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere:
 15 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm —
 A little thing may harm a wounded man;
 20 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept,
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, clear, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake. 5

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks, 10
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw: but at the last it seemed 15
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere: 20
 "Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag." 25



To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
 “Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseeemed
 Thy fēalty, nor like a noble knight ;
 For surer sign had followed, either hand, 5
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.” 10

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought ;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote 15
 His palms together, and he cried aloud :

“And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men. 20
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?
 What harm, undone ? Deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself ? 25
 The king is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 5 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely Maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
 10 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 15 And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir_Bedivere :
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 20 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widowed of the power in his eye
 That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt; 5
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur, 10
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush beds, and clutched the sword,
 And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand 15
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the Northern Sea. 20
 So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere. 25
 And lightly went the other to the king.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
 Speak out ; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 5 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
 Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
 10 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
 But when I looked again, behold an arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

15 And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
 "My end draws nigh ; 't is time that I were gone."

From *The Passing of Arthur*

King Arthur's Table: the knights of the Round Table. — **Lyonnesse** (lī'ō nēs): a mythical district of Cornwall now supposed to be submerged "forty fathoms under water." — **helm**: helmet; head armor. — **brand**: sword. — **Excal'ibur**: Arthur's sword, which was said to shine as bright as thirty torches. According to the old story, it rose one day by magic from the surface of the lake. — **samite** (sā'mīt): a very rich silk. — **middle mere**: the middle of the lake. — **lightly**: swiftly. — **hest**: command. — **jacinth** (jā'sinth): a precious stone. — **fēalty** (fē'altȳ): loyalty. — **lief** (leef): beloved. — **joust** (jüst): a mock contest. — **Maiden of the Lake**: the Lady of the Lake, who gave Arthur his sword. — **lust**: desire. — **isles of winter**: icebergs. — **him**: the sword is here personified.

THE DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE is a well-known American editor and author.

Fairy tales interest us because they give us pictures of a world in which men do marvelous things with ease, and are helped or hindered by all manner of small and great creatures who lurk and hide in forests and underground ; 5 and magic delights us because it accomplishes so much with means so few and materials so apparently inadequate.

In like manner and for the same reason men are always eager to hear the stories of heroes, those who have overcome great difficulties, surmounted great obstacles, and 10 won the race in the face of all kinds of discouragement. Men rejoice in the success of those who, like Washington and Gladstone, start with many advantages, and instead of being indolent are stimulated to great exertion by great opportunities ; but they care most of all for the success of 15 those who, like Lincoln, begin with nothing except the capital of character and the capacity for work, and end at the very summit of usefulness and honor.

In the careers of such men there is a touch of magic, a bit of the old fairy tale ; but in the old stories man is 20 helped by fairies, elves, kobolds, and many other strange creatures, and in the modern story he helps himself. There is much that is wonderful in the results secured by these

modern magicians, but there is nothing wonderful in the process by which the results are secured.

There is no mystery about success, no intervention of genii or fairies, no luck or fortune. Luck, fate, fortune, 5 and chance are words which have no place in the speech of great men. A man's luck is in himself, his chance is in his ability to get something to do, and his fortune in the skill and energy with which he does it. When it is said that a man is lucky it means that he has brains and uses 10 them ; when it is said that things come his way it means that he has gone after things. The theory that success is a matter of accident, and that opportunities come by chance, is often used by weak and inefficient men to explain their failures ; it is disproven by the lives of the 15 heroes. The heroes know nothing of accident and luck ; they know everything about integrity, energy, courage, and faith.

In all the fairy tales there is nothing more wonderful than the story of Benjamin Franklin, the printer's ap- 20 prentice, who became the chief figure in the most brilliant city in the world. His career must have been as much of a romance to him as it is to us. He could not have dreamed that a future of such extraordinary relationships with great men abroad, of such unusual public influence, 25 was to be his. But he set his face in a certain direction, put energy and enthusiasm into his work, and straightway opportunities began to present themselves.

At the start opportunities are rarely very striking or promising; they are often very small gates into what appears to be very small fields of action; but let a man pass through them with resolution and intelligence, and immediately the field widens until it takes on, at times, 5 the scope of a continent.

The world looks very hard to the young man; all the places are filled; everybody is preoccupied, and there seems to be no chance for a newcomer. Let him show a little heroic quality, however, and men are quick to make 10 a place for him; let him put energy, pluck, integrity, and intelligence into his work, and doors begin to open under the pressure of his strong hand.

Large opportunities in the hands of small men come to nothing, but small opportunities in the hands of large 15 men become great. All that a strong man ought to ask for is an opportunity; the rest he should do for himself. This is the record of the heroes,—those who have worked, dared, aspired, and achieved; who have poured their vitality into their work, not simply for what they could 20 get out of it, but because it is the privilege and the joy of a real man to share the experience of his fellows and the burdens of society.

Abridged

kobold (kō'böld): a household fairy like the Scottish *brownie*. — **genii** (jē'nī): powerful spirits in Eastern fairy tales. — **the most brilliant city**: Paris. Franklin was sent as ambassador to the court of France.

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841-1887) was an American poet. The earnestness and strength of his character are shown in his verse.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream : —
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
 5 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
 A furious battle; and men yelled, and swords
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,
 10 And thought, " Had I a sword of keener steel —
 That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
 Blunt thing — ! " he snapt and flung it from his hand,
 And lowering crept away and left the field.
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
 15 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
 And ran and snatched it; and with battle shout
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

shocked: met with a shock. — **craven**: coward. — **blue blade**: a blade of finely tempered steel. — **lowering**: gloomy, sulky. — **sore bestead**: in great danger.

THE WAY TO WEALTH

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790) was one of the most remarkable men of his time. As statesman and scientist he was preëminent, and his literary ability was of a high order. His career is familiar to all students of American history. The following pages are from the last of his series of almanacs.

5

I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks: "Pray, 10 Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short, for 15 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and when they had gathered round him he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we 20 had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly.

However, let us hearken to good advice and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should
 5 tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth by bringing on diseases absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says.

10 " 'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality,' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again.' 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy;' and 'He that riseth late must
 15 trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night,' while 'Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;' and 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

20 "So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting.' 'He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.'

25 What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then

plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should 5 catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your country. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is 10 true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects, for 'Constant dropping wears away stones,' and 'Little strokes fell great oaks.'

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, 15 settled, and careful; for, as Poor Richard says:

'I never saw an oft-removèd tree
Nor yet an oft-removèd family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.'

"A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want 20 of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail.'

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to 25 one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful.

‘If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.’

“Away then with your expensive follies, and you will
 5 not then have so much cause to complain of hard times and heavy taxes. Beware of little expenses; ‘A small leak will sink a great ship,’ as Poor Richard says; and again, ‘Who dainties love shall beggars prove;’ and moreover, ‘Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.’

10 “Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them *goods*; but if you do not take care they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must
 15 be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: ‘Buy what thou hast no need of and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.’ And again, ‘At a great pennyworth pause a while.’ He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in
 20 thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, ‘Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths. Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.’

“These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely
 25 be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced

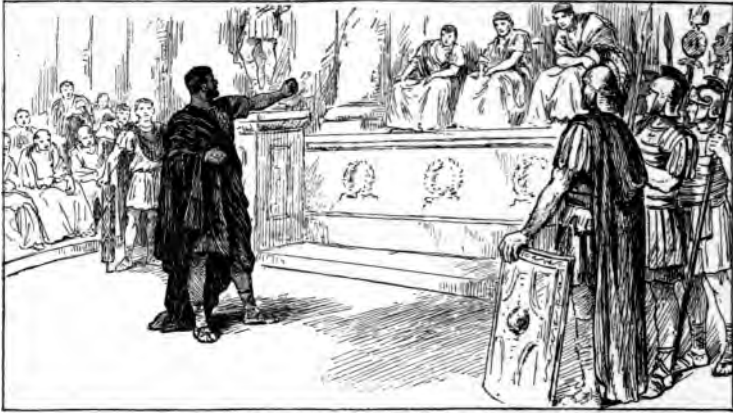
to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that ‘A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,’ as Poor Richard says. ‘Always taking out of the meal-tub 5 and never putting in soon comes to the bottom,’ and then ‘When the well is dry they know the worth of water.’ But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. ‘If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes 10 a-sorrowing,’ as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again.

“And now to conclude, ‘Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,’ as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that, for it is true, ‘We may give advice, but we 15 cannot give conduct.’ However, remember this, ‘They that won’t be counseled, cannot be helped;’ and further, that ‘If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.’”

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people 20 heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.

Abridged

Poor Richard : *Poor Richard's Almanac* was printed by Franklin, and his literary fame rests largely upon it. While his proverbs are not all his own, he had an ingenious way of combining his bits of practical wisdom.



CATILINE'S SPEECH ON HIS BANISHMENT

GEORGE CROLY

GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860) was an Irish writer, who for many years was also known as an eloquent pulpit orator. His *Catiline* was called "a splendid performance."

NOTE. In 63 B.C. a conspiracy, headed by Catiline, was formed against the Roman republic. When his treachery was discovered he was sentenced to banishment by the senate.

Banished from Rome! what's banished, but set free
 From daily contact of the things I loathe?
 "Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
 10 Who'll prove it at his peril on my head?
 Banished? — I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour. —
 But *now*, my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.

But here I stand and scoff you; here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.

5

Your consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.

"Traitor!" I go, but I *return*. This — *trial*!
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,

10

Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions. — Look to your hearths, my
lords.

For there henceforth shall sit for household gods

15

Shapes hot from Tartarus! — all shames and crimes: —

Wan Treachery with his thirsty dagger drawn;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;

Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,

Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;

20

Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,

And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

Catiline (căt'ylin): a famous Roman conspirator, who united great audacity and craft. He was denounced by the orator Cicero before the senate. — **scoff**: mock, ridicule. — "**Traitor**": Catiline is quoting Cicero. — **This** — **trial**: spoken in scorn as of an imitation. — **devote**: doom to evil. — **proscriptions**: the public offer of a reward for the head of an enemy. — **Tartarus** (tăr'ta rūs): the lower world; a place of punishment.

CLOUDS

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

“O ether divine!” cried Prometheus; but he was chained supine on the rock and forced to see the sky. We who walk erect at will are apt to confine our attention to things of earth. Now and then we find a person who has
5 the habit of looking at the night skies, and mayhap knows the constellations, so that the stars are not accidental sparks to him any longer, but old friends, any one of whose faces would be missed if it were withdrawn. But who looks upward by day and sees the clouds?

10 Some days the outlines of the clouds are all making faces at each other: merry faces, if one feels in that mood; solemn faces, if that is the masterful feeling. Why should the profiles generally be looking from right to left? Or is that only an idiosyncrasy of my own? Is it because
15 one sketches a profile on paper with the right hand, and so with the projecting points toward the left, away from the hand which would otherwise hide them?

When presently we are able to sail the air it will be pleasant to make afternoon excursions among the summer
20 clouds. “Come!” one will say to his friend, “let us talk it over on the rosy southeast corner of that mother-of-pearl mountain.” Or we shall bid John unpack the luncheon basket in the shade of yonder floating shelf of foamy

ivory; or we shall agree to meet, at half past two, just under the billowy chin of what seems an aërial Martha Washington.

How can so soft and fluffy a texture hold so firm an outline against the blue and catch such a splendor of intense light? As it comes floating and toppling across the sky, one would like to shoot a feather bed up through it and let the azure through the soft hole. 5

It is not often that we can watch, near by, the rapid formation of cloud; but it once happened to me to find myself on a crag precisely underneath the line of low-cloud foundation. Leaning back to rest against the rock and looking upward, I saw the mountain drapery weaving itself — out of nothing, as it appeared: blue air on one side of the line; dark slaty films, then shreds, then masses of flying cloud on the other. Clear across the sky extended the distinct edge of this swift and incessant weaving. It was like nothing but a great shadowy banner streaming out in the gale from an invisible cord strained tight against the sky. It was the work of the Earth Spirit in Faust: 15 20

At the roaring loom of Time I ply

And weave for God the garment thou seest him by.

Abridged

Prometheus (prŏ mē' thūs): according to the old Greek story, Prometheus, the giver of human life, was punished by being chained to a rock. Euripides, the Greek dramatist, made him the hero of one of his plays. — **supine** (sŭ pīn'): lying on the back. — **idiosyn'crasy**: some peculiar personal characteristic. — **Faust** (fowst): a great German poem.

THE FENCING MATCH

EDMOND ROSTAND

EDMOND ROSTAND is a French poet and dramatist. His first successful play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which was published in 1897, delighted the literary world.

NOTE. The first scenes of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, from which the following pages are taken, are laid in an open court. Spectators have gathered to see a theatrical exhibition, but their attention has been diverted by the fantastic doings of Cyrano, a young soldier and poet who is noted for his cleverness and charm, his skill in fencing, his pride, and for his sensitiveness in regard to his large nose. The Count de Guiche, a fashionable nobleman, and his obsequious friend, the Viscount de Valvert, are annoyed by his behavior.

The Count de Guiche. He begins to be tiresome.

The Viscount de Valvert. The boaster!

De Guiche. Will no one answer him?

The Viscount. Not one?

But wait! I'll fling a shaft at him myself.

(He advances toward Cyrano.)

15 You — you have a nose — a nose that's very big!

Cyrano (gravely). Very.

The Viscount (laughing). Ha!

Cyrano. Is that all?

The Viscount. Why not?

Cyrano. Ah, no, young man; that seems a trifle short.

You could have said so many sharper things

By varying the tone a little — thus: —

Aggressive : Were I cursed with such a nose

I'd amputate it e'er the day should close.

Friendly : Does it not bother you to drink ?

Curious : For scissors, or to hold your ink ?

Descriptive : 'T is a rock, a cape, a tent —

5

Did I say *cape* ? *Peninsula* I meant.

Gracious : A charming perch for little birds !

You must have sympathy beyond all words.

Teasing : When fumes from pipe and nose rise higher

Does no good neighbor ever cry out *Fire* ?

10

Prudent : Be careful, for a weight like that

Might make you lose your balance, lay you flat.

Tender : Please have a small umbrella made,

Lest in the sunshine that bright hue should fade.

Wise : Only Aristophanes' queer beast,

15

The Hippo-camel-elephant at least,

Could wear upon his face that lump of bone

And proudly swear it was his very own.

Easy : Is this Dame Fashion's latest crook ?

Do hang your hat on such a handy hook !

20

Weighty : No wind, save when the mistral blows,

Could bring a cold to that majestic nose.

Alarmed : 'T would be the Red Sea should it bleed !

Admiring : A perfumer's sign indeed !

Lyric : A shell ? A Triton bold are you ?

25

Simple : A monument ! Is it on view ?

Respectful : Let me take a humble tone !

How grand to have a mansion of one's own!
 Rustic: Oh, nonsense! Call that thing a nose?
 'Tis a prize turnip or a cabbage rose.

Military: Aim at the cavalry!

5 Practical: Prize for a lottery!

Such, my dear sir, is what you might have said,
 Had there been room for brains in that small head.
 Though let me own that had you had the wit,
 You never would have said one word of it.

10 I take much from myself — that is quite true,
 But not a hint of insolence from you.

De Guiche. Viscount, come away!

The Viscount (choking with helpless rage).

But what disgrace!

This country boor, who wears no gloves, no lace,
 No ribbons, — flouts me to my very face!

15 *Cyrano.* 'Tis true my elegance is all inside:

In paltry trappings I take little pride.

I am no dandy in my street array,

And yet I am as well dressed in my way.

Because, you see, although your gems are bright

My honor is unsoiled, my conscience white.

20 *The Viscount* (angrily).

Sir!

Cyrano. I have no gloves? — a sad affair!

I had one once, the last of an old pair.

Perhaps, not having for the thing a place

I may have flung it in some upstart's face.

The Viscount. Scoundrel! Stupid fellow! Jumping jack!

Cyrano (taking off his hat and bowing politely as if the Viscount had introduced himself). And I — am Cyrano de Bergerac.

The Viscount (exasperated). Clown!

Cyrano. Oh! Oh!

The Viscount. What is he saying now?

Cyrano. It must be moved; it's very stiff and sore, 5
Because, you see, I have n't used it more.

The Viscount. What's the matter with you?

Cyrano. 'Tis my sword.

I really fear it has the cramp, my lord.

The Viscount. Excellent! And so has mine, I vow.

Cyrano. A charming stroke I'm going to show you now. 10

The Viscount (contemptuously). Poet!

Cyrano. Yes, poet, sir. To prove my skill

I'll improvise a neat ballade

While we are fencing — on my word I will!

The Viscount. Ballade? What's that? Ballade? 15

Cyrano. Know then, my lord, the true ballade contains
Three eight-versed stanzas —

The Viscount. Bother your quatrains!

Cyrano. 'Tis the *envoi* has four; you apprehend?

The Viscount (impatiently). Oh!

Cyrano. I'll make one while we fight, my friend, 20
And touch you neatly at the very end.

The Viscount. No!

Cyrano.

No ? (Declaiming)

Ballade of a duel one day fought
Between a poet and a good-for-naught.

The Viscount. And what may that be, if you please ?

5 *Cyrano.* That's the title.

Wait till I choose my rhymes — I'm ready now.

(The spectators range themselves around the fencers.
Cyrano times his action to his words.)

My cap and cloak with courtly grace
I fling upon the dusty sward ;
And stepping forth a little space
10 I now unsheathe my trusty sword.
Free as the wind harp's lightest chord,
Agile as any Scaramouche,
I warn you, ere we rest on guard,
Upon the *envoi's* end I touch !

15 'T were better you had held your peace ;
Now choose where I shall hit, my lord !
Your side ? Your thigh ? Select the place ! —
Perhaps beneath that dangling cord !
Ding-dong ! — A jangle sings my sword ;
20 You think its point may swerve ? Not much !
Beware ! the event is drawing toward !
Upon the *envoi's* end I touch !

Alack ! I need a rhyme for *ace* ;
Ah, now you blanch and so afford
25 Me chance to call you "Flour-face !"
Tic-tac ! You wildly thrust, I ward,



And, ere your balance is restored,
 I free the heart line thus! Now clutch
 Thy foolish spit, thou scullion froward!
 Upon the *envoi's* end I touch!

(He announces solemnly) ENVOI

5 Prince, your defeat will be deplored.
 Come, find excuse for such and such!
 Cut! Feint! Aha! I keep my word,
 Upon the *envoi's* end I touch!

(Amid great applause Cyrano "touches" his opponent and sheathes his sword as the Viscount is led away by his friends.)

Fencing match: in fencing a smallsword or foil is used, and the aim of each fencer is to touch, be it ever so lightly, the person of his opponent. Great dexterity is often shown by skillful fencers in warding off an attack. The contest is ended as soon as one of the fencers succeeds in touching the other with the point of his sword or foil. — **Cyrano de Bergerac** (sě'rä nō də bair'zhə răc): a real character in French history of the seventeenth century. He was a dramatic poet and was also noted as a duelist. — **de Guiche** (də gweesh). — **Viscount de Valvert** (vī count də vāl-vair). — **a shaft:** a figure of speech for a witty saying. — **Aristophanes** (är-Is tōf'ā nēs): a Greek dramatist. In some of his plays birds and animals had parts. — **mistral:** a cold northwest wind experienced in southern France. — **flouts:** insults. — **trappings:** ornaments. — **glove:** a glove flung in a man's face was a challenge to fight. — **ballade** (bäl lād'): a form of French verse in which only three rhymes are permitted in the twenty-eight lines. Each stanza ends with the refrain, and the whole poem with the *envoi*. The *ballade* bears no resemblance to the English ballad. — **quatrain:** a stanza having four lines. — **envoi** (än vwä): a final stanza, summing up or concluding the poem. — **sward** (sward): grass. — **Scaramouche** (scär-ä mouch): the buffoon or clown in old Italian plays. — **drawing toward:** drawing near. — **thrust, ward, heart line:** fencing terms. — **spit:** a cooking utensil used in old times by kitchen boys or scullions in roasting meat before an open fire. — **cut, feint:** fencing terms, the meaning of which is plain.

THE CAT BY THE FIRE

LEIGH HUNT

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859) was an English essayist and poet.

A blazing fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea, and, finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention, — it is a scene which everybody likes, unless he has a morbid aversion to cats, which 5 is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs, — to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, etc. But agreeably to the good old maxim that “comparisons are odious,” our readers, we 10 hope, will continue to like what is likable in anything, for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikable from its inferiority to something else; a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another, 15 till we are pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault if in removing to another house and another fireside we did not take care that the cat removed with us.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration, and 20 gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face as it looks up to us! We must own that we do

not prefer a cat in the act of purring, or of looking in that manner. It reminds us of the sort of smile or *simmer* (*simper* is too weak and fleeting a word) that is apt to be in the faces of irritable people when they are pleased to
 5 be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet, unpretending state and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability.

10 But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well, — and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done that he has not a right to his dinner as well as Jones? A tiger treats a man much as a cat does a mouse. Granted, but we have no reason to
 15 suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything but to satisfy his hunger; and what have the butcher and poulterer been about, meanwhile? The tiger, it is true, lays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheepfold, and kills more than he
 20 eats; but does not the squire or the marquis do pretty much the same in the month of September?

And so we bring our thoughts back to the fireside, and look at the cat. Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those vindications of dinner;
 25 and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn, and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant

person, beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind hips. Anon she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin and half to enjoy the luxury. She then 5 rewards her paws with a few more touches. Look at the action of her head and neck ; how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward and the neck gently arching to and fro ! Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front 10 claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think of ? of her saucer of milk at breakfast ? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen for stealing the meat ? or of her little ones, some 15 of whom are now large, and all of them gone ? Is *that* among her recollections when she looks pensive ? Does she taste of the noble sorrows of man ?

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one's human thirst cannot sympathize with. It seems as if there 20 could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied, and there is a refreshment to one's ears in that sound of plashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to Pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin and 25 can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds, and does not, therefore, particularly

belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity
 of her coat, which gives out sparks under the hand, her
 passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see a
 cat roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular deli-
 5 cacies of nature, among which perhaps is to be reckoned
 her taste for fish, a creature with whose element she has
 so little to do that she is supposed even to abhor it,
 though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat that
 used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite
 10 anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly,
 charitable Johnson, who would go out of doors himself
 and buy oysters for his cat, because his servant was too
 proud to do it! Be assured that he thought nothing of
 “condescension” in it, or of being eccentric. He was sin-
 15 gular in some things, because he could not help it, but
 he hated eccentricity. No, in his best moments he felt
 himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though
 a frail,—one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a
 knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was
 20 desirous of being a Christian philosopher; and accord-
 ingly he went out and bought food for his hungry cat,
 because there was nobody in the way whom he had a right
 to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought,
 as he turned up Bolt Court! His friend Garrick could
 25 not have done as much! He was too grand, and on
 the great “stage” of life. Goldsmith could, but he would
 hardly have thought of it. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with

his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it. Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again. Gibbon!—imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon! He and his bagwig would have started with 5 horror; and he would have rung the bell for the cook's-deputy's-under-assistant-errand-boy.

Cats at firesides live luxuriously and are the picture of comfort; but, lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being 10 liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the “aggravated” cooks, overpettings of children (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronizing giants?), and last, not least, horrible, merciless tramples of unconscious 15 human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Yet Pussy gets in the way again, as before, and dares all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present sufficingness of a cat's imagination!—confined to the snug circle of her own sides and the two next inches of rug or carpet. 20

Abridged

nice: particularly careful; overscrupulous. — **Johnson**: a learned but eccentric English scholar of the eighteenth century. — **Bolt Court**: a court off Fleet Street, London. — **Garrick**: a famous actor. — **Reynolds**: a great painter. — **Burke**: a celebrated orator, who endeavored to persuade the English government to conciliate America at the time of the breaking out of the Revolution. — **Gibbon**: an eminent English historian. — **aggravated**: used here in its colloquial sense of “irritated,” but quoted because such use is not defensible. The true meaning of the word is “intensified” or “increased.”

THE PURLOINED LETTER—I

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) was an American poet and story-teller of unusual power. The melody of his verse has rarely been surpassed. Poe's career was a brief and tragic one, but he belongs with the most famous of the writers of his time.

5 NOTE. The story from which the following selection is adapted is one of the most original and ingenious of Poe's tales.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty autumn evening, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meersch-
schaum in company with my friend Dupin in his little
10 library. Suddenly the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome, for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible
15 about the man, and we had not seen him for several years.

"I have called to consult you," he explained, "about some official business that has occasioned a good deal of trouble."

"What is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing very
20 serious, I hope."

"Oh, no!" he said. "The business is very simple indeed, and I have no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it because it is so excessively odd."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes ; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair is so simple and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you talk !" replied the prefect, laughing heartily.

"And what, after all, is the matter on hand ?" I asked.

The prefect gave a long, steady, contemplative puff and settled himself in his chair.

"Before I begin," said he, "let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy. I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known beyond a doubt ; in fact, he was seen to take it. It is known also that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known ?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the prefect, "from the nature of the document. The holder of it has great power over a certain illustrious personage."

"But," said I, "this power depends upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare —"

25

"The thief," said the prefect, "is the Minister D—, who dares all things. The method of the theft was not

less ingenious than bold. The letter lay upon the table of the royal apartment, when the Minister D—— entered. His lynx eye perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, and observes the confusion of the royal
 5 personage.

“After some business transactions he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. In taking leave he takes also from the table the
 10 letter to which he had no claim. In the presence of a certain third personage the rightful owner dared not call attention to the act. The minister departed, leaving his own letter — one of no importance — upon the table.”

“Here then,” said Dupin to me, “you have precisely
 15 what you demand to make the ascendancy complete — the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber.”

“Yes,” said the prefect, “and the power thus attained has for some months past been wielded for political pur-
 20 poses to a very dangerous extent.”

“It is clear,” said I, “that the letter is still in the possession of the minister, since it is this possession and not any employment of the letter which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs.”

25 “True,” said the prefect, “and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister’s hotel ; and here my chief embarrassment

lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "the Parisian police have done this thing often before."

5

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous, and they sleep at a distance from their master's apartment. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking his rooms. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

20

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that he may have concealed it upon his own person?"

"He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads," said the prefect, "and his person has been rigorously searched under my own inspection."

25

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search in his apartments."

“Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the
 5 furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that to a properly trained police agent such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. There is a certain amount of bulk, of space, to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have
 10 accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops.”

“Why so?”

15 “Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed
 20 in the same way.”

“But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?”
 I asked.

“By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in
 25 our case we were obliged to proceed without noise.”

“But you could not have removed — you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would

have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to 5 pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better — we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of 10 recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection." 15

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we 20 examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses adjoining, with the microscope, as before." 25

"The two houses adjoining?" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had ; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses ?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among his papers, of course, and into the books of the library ?"

"Certainly ; we opened every package and parcel ; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf
 10 in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book *cover*, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently
 15 meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets ?"

20 "Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls ?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars ?"

25 "We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect. "And now, Dupin, what should you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," was the reply. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter 5 is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes!" And here the prefect, producing a memorandum book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account 10 of the missing document. Soon afterwards he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the gentleman before.

THE PURLOINED LETTER — II

About a month later the prefect paid us another visit and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a 15 chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said, "Well, what of the purloined letter?"

"I made the reëxamination," said the prefect, "as Dupin suggested, but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be." 20

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal — a *very* liberal reward — I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I would n't mind giving my individual 25

check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check book, "you may as well fill me up a
5 check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend
10 with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets ; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen and after several pauses and vacant stares finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs and handed it across the table to Dupin.
15 The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook, then, unlocking a desk, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling
20 and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone my friend entered into some explanations.
25 nations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and

thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond question, have found it."

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good of their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. Do you not see that the prefect has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter — not exactly in a gimlet hole bored in a chair leg, but at least in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner? And do you not see also that such a method of concealment is adapted only for ordinary occasions and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects? You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, "that I knew the minister, and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate — and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate — the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen the

secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to
5 the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes,
10 to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first in-
15 terview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well."

"There is a game of puzzles," Dupin resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another
20 to find a given word, the name of town, river, state, or empire, any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names, but the adept selects such
25 words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the overlargely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by

dint of being excessively obvious. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best 5 preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

“But the more I reflected upon the ingenuity of D—, upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand* if he intended to use it to good purpose, and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that 10 it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary’s ordinary search, the more satisfied I became that to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

“Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of 15 green spectacles and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual. He is perhaps the most really energetic human being now alive; but that is only when nobody sees him. 20

“To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host. 25

“I paid especial attention to a large writing table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some letters

and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite suspicion.

“At length my eyes in going the circuit of the room
 5 fell upon a trumpery filigree card rack of pasteboard that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was
 10 much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two across the middle, as if a design in the first instance to tear it entirely up as worthless had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive
 15 female hand, to D—, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly and even, as it seemed, contemptuously into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

“No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was
 20 to all appearance radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S— family. Here the address, to the minister, was diminutive
 25 and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then, the

radicalness of these differences, which was excessive, the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the methodical habits of D—: these things were strongly corroborative of suspicion in one who came to suspect.

5

“I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention riveted upon the letter. At length I bade the minister good morning and 10 took my departure, leaving a gold snuffbox upon the table.

“The next morning I called for the snuffbox, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report as if of a pistol was heard immediately beneath the windows of 15 the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a similar one (so far as 20 regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings, imitating the D— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

“The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had 25 fired it among a crowd of women and children, but as it proved to have been without ball, the fellow was suffered

to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic
5 was a man in my own pay.”

“But what purpose had you,” I asked, “in replacing the letter? Would it not have been better at the first visit to have seized it openly and departed?”

“The minister,” replied Dupin, “is a desperate man
10 and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left his presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You
15 know my political prepossessions. Being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, the minister will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward.
20 ward. In the present instance I have no sympathy, at least no pity. He is an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts when he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card rack.”

Dupin (dū păn). — **minister**: a government official. — **juxtaposition**: nearness. — **hotel**: in French usage, a large mansion. — **franc**: a coin worth about twenty cents. — **prepossessions**: inclinations.

TO HELEN

EDGAR ALLAN POE

NOTE. This poem was written by Poe, when he was a lonely boy of fourteen, to the mother of one of his schoolmates.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicæan barks of yore, .
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea, 5
 The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home 10
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand! 15
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy Land!

Nicæan: this reference is not clear. If the "weary wanderer" is Ulysses, the barks which bore him homeward should have been *Phæacian*, to agree with Homer's story. — **hyacinth**: curling; suggesting a hyacinth. — **Naiad**: a graceful water nymph. — **Psyche** (sī'kě): a lovely maiden whom Cupid wedded. See the story of Psyche (Gayley's *Classic Myths*) for the allusion to the lamp. *Psyche* is the Greek word for "soul."

HATTO THE HERMIT

SELMA LAGERLÖF

SELMA LAGERLÖF (lä'gër lëf) is a Swedish novelist who is held in high esteem by literary critics.

Hatto the Hermit stood in the desert and prayed to God. The wind blew his long hair and beard about him
5 as it blows the grass and vines about an old ruin. But he did not brush back the hair from his eyes, nor did he fasten his long beard with his girdle, for his gaunt arms were upraised to heaven. Since sunrise he had held them outstretched, as untiring as a tree holding out its boughs,
10 and thus he would remain until evening. Every day would find him in the same place. It was a great thing for which he was praying.

He was a man who had suffered much from the injustice and dishonesty of the world about him. Therefore
15 had he come into the wilderness, and made for himself a cave by the river bank, and prayed to God to punish mankind with flood and pestilence and death.

Round about him was the wilderness, bare and desolate. But a little farther up the bank stood an old pollard
20 willow, from the top of which fresh green branches were growing. On stormy days the flexible twigs whipped about the willow trunk as hair and beard whipped about Hatto the Hermit.

To-day a pair of thrushes, who usually built their nest among the new branches of the willow tree, decided to begin their work. But the wild whipping of the twigs disturbed the birds. They flew back and forth with their bits of dry grass, but nothing was accomplished. Then 5 they spied Hatto.

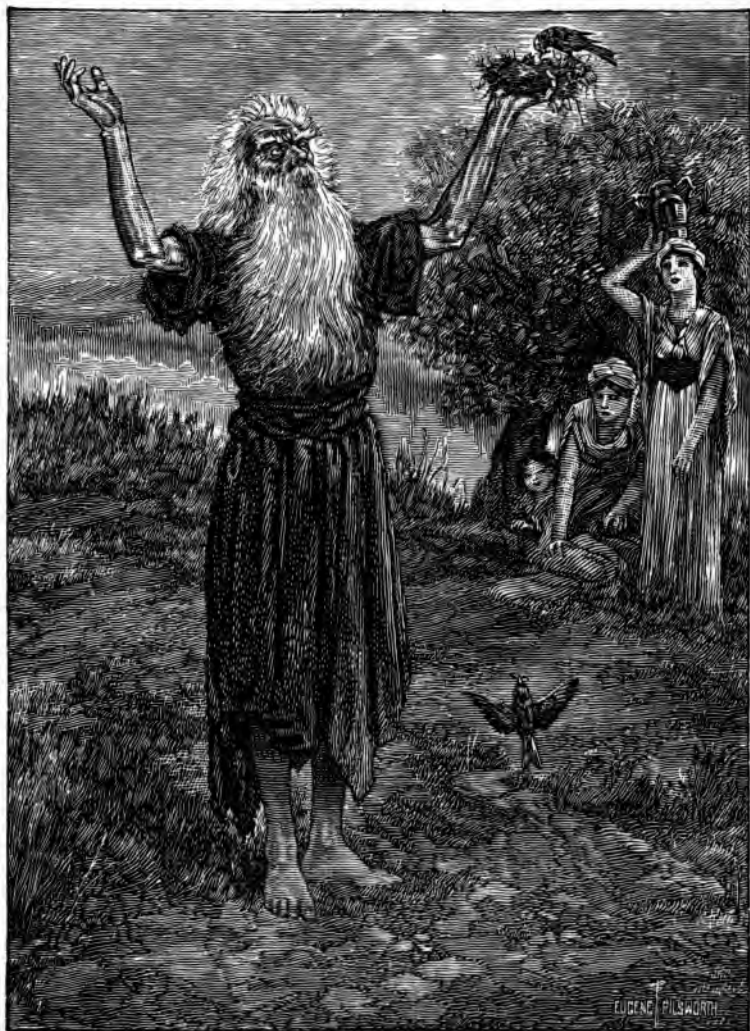
It is hard to fancy how dried-up and gnarled and black the old hermit had become. His skin clung close to his bones, his muscles gave no curves to his body, his arm was only a couple of thin bones covered with dark, hard, 10 wrinkled skin. He wore an old black coat, and only his hair and beard were of a lighter shade. They were not unlike the grayish hue of the under side of willow leaves.

The birds, flying about restlessly, took Hatto the Hermit to be another old willow tree. They circled around 15 him many times, noted his position in regard to wind and river and possible birds of prey, marked the guideposts on the way to him, and decided that here should be their home. One of the birds shot down suddenly from the upper air and laid a bit of grass in the hermit's open 20 palm.

Hatto did not pause in his prayer. The storm roared again and the straw fluttered out of the hermit's big, bony hand. But the birds came back and tried to lay the corner stone of their new house between his fingers. Suddenly a dirty, clumsy thumb laid itself over the spears of 25 grass and held them in place, while four fingers curled

over the palm, making a cozy niche where a nest would be safe. The tiny birds came and went with lightning dashes, laying new straws in the nest with little chirps of pleasure.

- 5 The old man did not move. He had made a vow to stand all day long with outstretched arms in order to force God to listen to him. As his body grew more weary strange dreams and visions came to him. He seemed to hear the crash of falling walls, the screams of terror-
- 10 stricken people, the tumult of whirlwind and earthquake. Yet now and then his eyes rested on the little thrushes. Back and forth they flew with bits of grass and reeds from the river bank. They could not take time for dinner or supper. When dusk came the walls were nearly done.
- 15 By this time Hatto had come to watch the birds with eager intentness. He followed their flight with anxious eyes; he scolded them when they were careless or clumsy; he grieved when the wind vexed them; and when they stopped a moment to rest he was almost angry with them.
- 20 Then the sun sank and the birds went to sleep among the reeds. As soon as morning came they were on the wing, but though they found their guideposts their nest had disappeared. They peered out over the moors, they flew high up to gain a wider view. In vain; both tree
- 25 and nest had vanished in the night. Finally, they perched on a stone by the water and thought the matter over. Where were nest and tree?



But scarcely were the first shadows cast upon the stream when their tree came wandering up to the very place where it had stood before. It was as old and black and gnarled as ever and it held their precious nest safe at
5 the end of a stiff bough. The birds accepted the miracle without question and began to build as before.

Hatto the Hermit had not returned to his place on the river bank because of his love for the birds. In his heart there was little room, as yet, for tenderness, but to him
10 their coming was a sign from God and he thought he had discovered what it might mean. God had willed that he was to stand with outstretched arm until the birds had reared their young. If he could do this, then God would listen to his prayer.

15 To-day, however, his dreadful visions troubled him less and less. His eyes followed every movement of the birds. How rapidly they wove the last bits of straw into place! The tiny builders flew round the nest and examined it carefully. How eagerly they brought wisps of moss from the
20 real willow and fastened them on the outside as a finishing decoration! And now one of the birds was plucking soft down from its own breast to line the new home.

The peasants of the neighborhood, who greatly feared the hermit, were wont to bring him bread and milk to
25 turn his anger away from themselves and their little ones. Now they came and found him motionless, holding the birds' nest in his hand.

"See how the holy man loves the little creatures!" they said, and feared him no longer. They raised the cup of milk to his lips and fed him with the bread. When he had eaten and drunk he drove them away angrily, but they smiled at his harshness. 5

Hatto's body had long before this become the servant of his will. He had taught it obedience by hunger and torture, by days of kneeling and by sleepless nights. Now his muscles of steel did his bidding and held up his arm for days at a time. When the mother bird had laid her 10 eggs and would not leave her nest, Hatto learned to sleep standing.

He soon grew accustomed to the two uneasy little eyes that peered down at him over the edge of the nest. He watched for rain and hail and protected the nest as 15 well as he could. And at last a morning came when both thrushes were chattering gleefully and looking very happy, although the whole nest seemed filled with a frightened squeaking. After a while they set out upon a gnat hunt. One insect after another fell before them and 20 was brought home to whatever it was that squeaked and peeped in the nest. The chirping grew louder. It even disturbed the holy man at his prayers. Gently, very gently, his arm sank down and down until he could look into the nest. 25

Never had he seen anything so ugly. Six naked little birds with a few scattered down-tufts, and six great open

It was of no use; the babies would not move; and at last Hatto decided that he must interfere in the matter himself. With careful finger he gave them each a gentle push and out they tumbled, trembling and uncertain at first, but soon learning the proper motion, while the hermit 5 chuckled softly to himself.

And now he thought long and deeply how he could release the great Ruler of the world from the promise. Perhaps, he pondered, God holds this earth like a bird's nest in his hand, loving all the helpless ones within it. Per- 10 haps he would be glad not to answer the prayer.

The next day the little nest was empty and the hermit stood there in bitter loneliness. He shrank in terror from the thought of all the evil for which he had prayed. Suddenly he heard a happy chirping and the birds were 15 flying about his head and shoulders. They trusted him; they had no fear in their hearts. And with their coming a vivid memory returned to him. Every day he had lowered his arm to look into the nest!

Then he nodded, smiling, as if to some one whom he 20 could not see. "It is well," he said. "I have failed to keep my vow. Thou needst not keep thine."

And it seemed to him that the whole world was full of peace and love.

From the Swedish

pollard: a tree that has been cut off close to the trunk so that new shoots may grow out.

beaks! He could not understand it himself, but he liked them just as they were. He did not wish to think of harm coming to them, and in his prayers he made a silent exception in favor of these little helpless creatures.

5 When the peasant women brought him food he was no longer angry with them. Since he was necessary for the safety of the little ones up there in his hand, he was glad that the people would not let him starve.

Soon six little heads peered over the top of the nest. 10 Feathers began to grow, and the tiny bodies looked soft and round. Old Hatto's arm sank again and again to the level of his eyes as he watched the daily doings of the birds. And meanwhile prayers for the great destruction of the world came more and more slowly from his lips. 15 He believed that God had promised to answer his prayer when the birds were ready to fly, and the time was drawing near. How could he watch the sacrifice of these tiny lives which he had guarded and cherished! It had been different when he had nothing to care for. Now his love 20 for the little creatures made him hesitate, and he stood there seeking some way of escape for them.

Then came the great day when the young birds were taught to fly. One of the parents sat inside the nest, trying to push them over the edge, while the other flew about 25 to show them how easy it was. But the little ones were afraid, and both of the old birds flew off together, showing their prettiest arts and tricks.

It was of no use; the babies would not move; and at last Hatto decided that he must interfere in the matter himself. With careful finger he gave them each a gentle push and out they tumbled, trembling and uncertain at first, but soon learning the proper motion, while the hermit 5 chuckled softly to himself.

And now he thought long and deeply how he could release the great Ruler of the world from the promise. Perhaps, he pondered, God holds this earth like a bird's nest in his hand, loving all the helpless ones within it. Perhaps he would be glad not to answer the prayer. 10

The next day the little nest was empty and the hermit stood there in bitter loneliness. He shrank in terror from the thought of all the evil for which he had prayed. Suddenly he heard a happy chirping and the birds were 15 flying about his head and shoulders. They trusted him; they had no fear in their hearts. And with their coming a vivid memory returned to him. Every day he had lowered his arm to look into the nest!

Then he nodded, smiling, as if to some one whom he 20 could not see. "It is well," he said. "I have failed to keep my vow. Thou needst not keep thine."

And it seemed to him that the whole world was full of peace and love.

From the Swedish

pollard: a tree that has been cut off close to the trunk so that new shoots may grow out.

THE KEARSARGE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE (1847-1908), a Boston journalist of Irish birth, was the author of several poems of unusual quality.

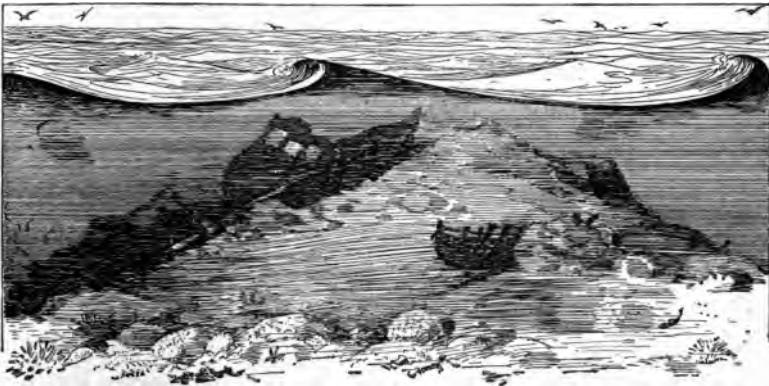
NOTE. Roncador is a coral reef in the Caribbean Sea on which many a good ship has been wrecked.

- 5 In the gloomy ocean bed
 Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
 In the dim and countless æons long ago,
 "I will build a stronghold high,
 Ocean's power to defy,
 10 And the pride of haughty man to lay low."
- Crept the minutes for the sad,
 Sped the cycles for the glad,
 But the march of time was neither less nor more;
 While the formless atom died,
 15 Myriad millions by its side,
 And above them slowly lifted Roncador.
- Roncador of Caribbee,
 Coral dragon of the sea,
 Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
 20 Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
 Woe to them who sail the deep!
 Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
 Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
 Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore ;
 But the sleeper silent lay
 Till the preyer and his prey 5
 Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror !
 Now our bravest ship of war,
 War and tempest who had often braved before,
 All her storied prowess past, 10
 Strikes her glorious flag at last
 To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

æon (ē'ŏn): an immeasurable period of time. — **galleon**: a Spanish merchant vessel, armed, and having four decks. Many of the pirate ships were galleons. — **our bravest ship of war**: the *Kearsarge*, a famous vessel of the United States Navy, was lost on Roncador reef in 1894.



TRAVELING IN ENGLAND IN 1685

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859) was an English historian and poet, famous for the brilliancy and clearness of his style. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* should be familiar in every schoolroom.

Whoever examines the maps of London which were
5 published towards the close of the reign of Charles the
Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas embowered in lilacs and laburnums extended from
10 the great center of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars.
15 In 1685 a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, impeded the navigation of the river.

Of the metropolis, the City, properly so called, was the most important division. At the time of the Restoration
20 it had been built, for the most part, of wood and plaster; the few bricks that were used were ill baked; the booths where goods were exposed to sale projected far into the streets, and were overhung by the upper stories. A few

specimens of this architecture may still be seen in those districts which were not reached by the great fire. The fire had, in a few days, covered a space of little less than a square mile with the ruins of eighty-nine churches and of thirteen thousand houses. But the City had risen again with a celerity which had excited the admiration of neighboring countries. Unfortunately the old lines of the streets had been to a great extent preserved; and those lines, originally traced in an age when even princesses performed their journeys on horseback, were often too narrow to allow wheeled carriages to pass each other with ease, and were therefore ill adapted for the residence of wealthy persons in an age when a coach and six was a fashionable luxury.

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, with at least four horses. A coach and six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People in the time of Charles the Second traveled with six horses because with a smaller number there was a great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humor the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six

beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could not save the family coach from being embedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the heads of the university, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The vice chancellor, by a notice affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College, and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved, and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to the chief towns. But no stagecoach, indeed no stage wagon, appears to have proceeded further north than York, or further west

than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey in a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer, but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage, for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer and somewhat more in winter.

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world.

From History of England.

the City: that part of London comprised in the ancient city and originally surrounded by a wall. It is still spoken of as the City, to distinguish it from Westminster and other districts now included under the name of London. — **the Restoration**: this return to a monarchy took place in 1660, when Charles II was restored to his throne. — **the great fire**: the Great Fire of London occurred in 1666. — **Vanbrugh** (văn brōō'): an English dramatist of the early part of the eighteenth century. — **diligence**: a public stagecoach. — **Oxford and Cambridge**: the two great university towns of England. — **twopence halfpenny** (túp ěns hă' pên 1): a sum equal to five cents of our money.



FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850) was a celebrated English poet.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 5 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 10 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 15 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

LONDON

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NOTE. The preceding sonnet was written, says Wordsworth, "on the roof of a coach, on my way to France." On the poet's return he spent a few weeks in London, during which time he wrote the following lines, addressing them to Coleridge, his friend and fellow poet. "I could not but be struck," he explains in his notes, "with the vanity and parade of 5 our own country . . . as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the revolution had produced in France."

More than one writer, from Ben Jonson to Tennyson, has expressed similar dissatisfaction with the age in which he lived. Each generation looks back to the "good old times." 10

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed,
 To think that now our life is only dressed
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook 15
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore: 20
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

mean: insignificant. — fearful: shrinking, timid.

SELLING HIS ANCESTORS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816) was born in Dublin. He was educated in England, and after a romantic marriage settled in London where he became a writer of plays and an eloquent member of Parliament. The later years of his life were years of disappointment and failure.

- 5 NOTE. *The School for Scandal* is an amusing comedy from which the following scene is taken. Charles Surface, an amiable but extravagant young man, decides to sell his family portraits. The purchaser, under the name of Mr. Premium, is Charles's uncle in disguise. He has recently returned from India.

SCENE I. *A Picture Room in Charles Surface's House*

Enter Charles Surface, Mr. Premium (Sir Oliver Surface), Moses, the broker, and Careless, who is to be auctioneer

- 10 *Charles*. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in ; here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

- Charles*. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting. Not like the work of your modern
15 Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you, so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no ; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness, all stiff and awkward as the originals and like nothing in
20 human nature besides.

Sir Oliver. Ah, we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am ; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer ; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose. 5

Careless. Ay, ay, that will do. But, Charles, I have n't a hammer ; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer ?

Charles. That's true. What parchment have we here ? Oh, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany ; here's the family tree for 10 you, you rogue ! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver. What an unnatural rogue !

Careless. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation, indeed. Charles, this is the most convenient thing you 15 could have found for the business, for 't will not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin ! A-going, a-going, a-going !

Charles. Bravo, Careless ! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Ravelin, a marvelous good general in his day, 20 I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium ? Look at him ; there's a hero ! Not cut out of his feathers as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regi- 25 mentals as a general should be. What do you bid ?

Sir Oliver (aside to Moses). Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff officer.

Sir Oliver (aside). Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle
5 Richard for ten pounds! (Aloud) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here now is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner and esteemed
10 a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten; the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver (aside). Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (Aloud) Five pounds ten;
15 she's mine.

Charles. Knock down my aunt Deborah. Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs and the ladies their own hair.

20 *Sir Oliver.* Yes, truly, headdresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles. Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses. 'T is a good bargain.

Charles. Careless! — This, now, is a grandfather of my
25 mother's, a learned judge. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles. Four guineas! You don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver. By all means.

Careless. Gone!

5

Charles. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament and noted speakers; and, what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver. That is very extraordinary indeed! I'll take 10 them at your own price for the honor of Parliament.

Careless. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles. Here's a jolly fellow, I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich. Take him at eight 15 pounds.

Sir Oliver. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver. They're mine.

20

Charles. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale. What say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

25

Careless. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver. Well, well, anything to accommodate you;

they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

5 *Sir Oliver.* Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles. What, that? Oh; that's my uncle Oliver! 'T was done before he went to India.

Careless. Your uncle Oliver! Then you'll never be
10 friends, Charles. That now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as I ever saw; an unforgiving eye and a disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend upon it. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver. Upon my soul, sir, I do not! I think it is
15 as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and I'll keep
20 his picture while I have a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver (aside). The rogue's my nephew, after all. (Aloud) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles. I'm sorry for it, for you certainly will not
25 have it. Have n't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver (aside). I forgive him everything! (Aloud) But, sir, when I take a whim into my head I don't value

money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliver (aside). How like his father he is! (Aloud) Well, well, I have done. (Aside) I did not perceive it 5 before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. (Aloud) Here is a draft for the sum. •

Charles. Why, 't is for eight hundred pounds!

Sir Oliver. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles. Zounds! no! I tell you once more. 10

Sir Oliver. Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles; I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles. This is a whimsical old fellow! But, hark'ee, 15 Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for I assure you they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages. 20

Sir Oliver. I will, I will — for all but Oliver.

Charles. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver. You're fixed on that?

Charles. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver (aside). A dear extravagant rogue! (Aloud) 25 Good day! Come, Moses. (Aside) Let me hear now who dares call him profligate.

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles. He is the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. . . .

Exit Careless

5 Let me see, two thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for! Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and grateful servant.

(Bows ceremoniously to the pictures)

CURTAIN

Conquest: the Norman Conquest of England was in 1066. — **genealogy**: line of descent; names of direct ancestors. — **family tree**: a family record, often drawn in the form of a tree. — **knock down**: assign to a bidder at an auction by a blow of the auctioneer's hammer. — **Marlborough**: a famous English general. — **Malplaquet** (mál plá kš'): a French village, famous for an English victory in 1709. — **speak**: name a price. — **Kneller** (nël'ēr): a German-English portrait painter of the eighteenth century. — **five pounds ten**: five pounds ten shillings, or about \$26.50. — **Careless!**: Charles is calling the auctioneer's attention to another sale. — **guinea**: a former gold coin worth twenty-one shillings. Certain bills are still reckoned in guineas, though the coin is no longer made. — **woolsack**: the seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords. It is a large square sack of wool, resembling a divan, and its purpose is to keep in mind the value of wool as a source of national wealth. — **Norwich** (nôr'wich; often pronounced nôr'ij): an old city of England. — **inveterate**: old, obstinate. — **draft**: an order for the payment of money. — **hark'ee**: listen. — **hold**: stop. — **nabob**: one who returns from the East with great wealth. — **peremptorily** (pēr'ēmp-tō rī lỳ): decidedly; absolutely.

VENICE

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) was an English artist and writer. He had a keen sense of social obligation and longed to bring about a popular appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art.

From the mouths of the Adige to those of the Piave there stretches, at a variable distance of from three to 5 five miles from the actual shore, a bank of sand, divided into long islands by narrow channels of sea. The space between this bank and the true shore consists of a great plain of calcareous mud, covered, in the neighborhood of Venice, by the sea at high water, to the depth in most 10 places of a foot or a foot and a half, and nearly everywhere exposed at low tide, but divided by an intricate network of narrow and winding channels, from which the sea never retires.

In some places, according to the run of the currents, the 15 land has risen into marshy islets, consolidated, some by art and some by time, into ground firm enough to be built upon or fruitful enough to be cultivated. In others, on the contrary, it has not reached the sea level ; so that at the average low water shallow lakelets glitter among its 20 irregularly exposed fields of seaweed.

In the midst of the largest of these, increased in importance by the confluence of several large river channels

towards one of the openings in the sea bank, the city of Venice itself is built, on a crowded cluster of islands. The various plots of higher ground which appear to the north and south of this central cluster have at different periods
 5 been also thickly inhabited, and now bear, according to their size, the remains of cities, villages, or isolated convents and churches scattered among spaces of open ground, partly waste and encumbered by ruins, partly under cultivation for the supply of the metropolis.

10 The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill stream. At high water
 15 no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages.

There is a channel some three miles wide between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide be-
 20 tween it and the sandy breakwater which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic. This is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean, although the secret of its true position is partly betrayed by the clusters of piles set to
 25 mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded

waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea.

But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon ; and at the complete ebb 5 the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed. Through this salt and somber plain the gondola and the fishing boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their 10 crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway 15 of the exhausted tide.

The scene is often profoundly oppressive even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building ; but in order to know what it was once, let the traveler follow in his boat at evening the 20 windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain ; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near ; and so wait, until the sweet warmth 25 of the sunset is withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the

night, and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand and strewed the
 5 ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean and their palaces its pride.

From *Stones of Venice*

Adige (ä'dê jä) and **Piave** (pyä'vā) : rivers of northern Italy. — **calcareous** : full of shells and other forms of lime deposits. — **confluence** : running together. — **the princes of that ocean** : for many years Venice was the capital of a celebrated republic and the first sea power of the world. The ceremony by which the doge, or chief magistrate, of Venice "wedded the Adriatic" was an interesting one.

VENICE

LORD BYRON

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824) ranks with the most famous of English poets. His verse, though well-nigh perfect in form, lacks something of the highest quality. The following lines are from *Childe Harold's*
 10 *Pilgrimage*.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand ;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
 15 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land



Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers,
5 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers.
And such she was; — her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
10 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
15 And music meets not always now the ear;
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here;
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
20 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

Bridge of Sighs : a covered passageway leading from the doge's palace to the prisons ; so called because condemned criminals had to pass through it. — **the wingèd Lion** : the device of the Venetian republic, as the eagle is that of the United States. — **Cybele** (sī bē'lē) : the great mother of the gods in Greek and Roman mythology. — **tiara** (tī ā' rā) : Cybele is represented in art with a crown whose rim is cut to imitate the towers and battlements of a fortress. — **Tasso** : a great Italian poet. — **masque** : a gay masquerade.

EACH AND ALL

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, a distinguished author, philosopher, and lecturer, was born in Boston in 1803, and died in Concord in 1882.

All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven, 5
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye. 10

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me. 15
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar. 20
.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883) was an English historian who gives interesting pictures instead of dull figures and statistics.

NOTE. In 1314 a decisive battle was fought between the English and Scottish armies at Bannockburn. The heir to the throne of Scotland and
 5 the leader of her army was Robert Bruce. Bruce's success in repelling the threatened English invasion has made his name famous. Wallace and "The Bruce," as he is called, are still held in warm remembrance in Scotland as the greatest heroes of her history.

Strong and of commanding presence, brave and genial
 10 in temper, Bruce bore the hardships of his career with a courage and hopefulness which never failed. In the legends which clustered round his name we see him listening in Highland glens to the bay of the bloodhounds on his track, or holding single-handed a pass against a crowd of
 15 savage clansmen. Sometimes the little band which clung to him were forced to support themselves by hunting or fishing, sometimes to break up for safety as their enemies tracked them to the lair. Bruce himself had more than once to fling off his shirt of mail and scramble barefoot
 20 for very life up the crags.

Little by little, however, the dark sky cleared. James Douglas, the darling of Scotch story, was the first of the Lowland barons to rally again to the Bruce, and his daring gave heart to the king's cause. A terrible ferocity

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towards one of the openings in the sea bank, the city of Venice itself is built, on a crowded cluster of islands. The various plots of higher ground which appear to the north and south of this central cluster have at different periods
 5 been also thickly inhabited, and now bear, according to their size, the remains of cities, villages, or isolated convents and churches scattered among spaces of open ground, partly waste and encumbered by ruins, partly under cultivation for the supply of the metropolis.

10 The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill stream. At high water
 15 no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages.

There is a channel some three miles wide between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide
 20 tween it and the sandy breakwater which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic. This is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean, although the secret of its true position is partly betrayed by the clusters of piles set to
 25 mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded

waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea.

But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon ; and at the complete ebb 5 the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed. Through this salt and somber plain the gondola and the fishing boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their 10 crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway 15 of the exhausted tide.

The scene is often profoundly oppressive even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building ; but in order to know what it was once, let the traveler follow in his boat at evening the 20 windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain ; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near ; and so wait, until the sweet warmth 25 of the sunset is withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the

night, and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand and strewed the
 5 ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean and their palaces its pride.

From *Stones of Venice*

Adige (ä'dē jā) and **Piave** (pyä'vā): rivers of northern Italy. — **calcareous**: full of shells and other forms of lime deposits. — **confluence**: running together. — **the princes of that ocean**: for many years Venice was the capital of a celebrated republic and the first sea power of the world. The ceremony by which the doge, or chief magistrate, of Venice "wedded the Adriatic" was an interesting one.

VENICE

LORD BYRON

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824) ranks with the most famous of English poets. His verse, though well-nigh perfect in form, lacks something of the highest quality. The following lines are from *Childe Harold's*
 10 *Pilgrimage*.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 15 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land



Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers,
5 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers.
And such she was ; — her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
10 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echôes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
15 And music meets not always now the ear ;
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here ;
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
20 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

Bridge of Sighs : a covered passageway leading from the doge's palace to the prisons ; so called because condemned criminals had to pass through it. — **the wingèd Lion** : the device of the Venetian republic, as the eagle is that of the United States. — **Cybele** (sī bē'lē) : the great mother of the gods in Greek and Roman mythology. — **tiara** (tī ā' rā) : Cybele is represented in art with a crown whose rim is cut to imitate the towers and battlements of a fortress. — **Tasso** : a great Italian poet. — **masque** : a gay masquerade.

EACH AND ALL

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, a distinguished author, philosopher, and lecturer, was born in Boston in 1803, and died in Concord in 1882.

All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven, 5
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye. 10

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me. 15
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar. 20
.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883) was an English historian who gives interesting pictures instead of dull figures and statistics.

NOTE. In 1314 a decisive battle was fought between the English and Scottish armies at Bannockburn. The heir to the throne of Scotland and
 5 the leader of her army was Robert Bruce. Bruce's success in repelling the threatened English invasion has made his name famous. Wallace and "The Bruce," as he is called, are still held in warm remembrance in Scotland as the greatest heroes of her history.

Strong and of commanding presence, brave and genial
 10 in temper, Bruce bore the hardships of his career with a courage and hopefulness which never failed. In the legends which clustered round his name we see him listening in Highland glens to the bay of the bloodhounds on his track, or holding single-handed a pass against a crowd of
 15 savage clansmen. Sometimes the little band which clung to him were forced to support themselves by hunting or fishing, sometimes to break up for safety as their enemies tracked them to the lair. Bruce himself had more than once to fling off his shirt of mail and scramble barefoot
 20 for very life up the crags.

Little by little, however, the dark sky cleared. James Douglas, the darling of Scotch story, was the first of the Lowland barons to rally again to the Bruce, and his daring gave heart to the king's cause. A terrible ferocity

mingled with heroism in the work of freedom, but the revival of the country went steadily on. Edinburgh, Roxburgh, Perth, and most of the Scotch fortresses fell one by one into King Robert's hands. The clergy met in council and owned him as their lawful lord. Gradually 5 the Scotch barons who still held to the English cause were coerced into submission, and Bruce found himself strong enough to invest Stirling, the last and the most important of the Scotch fortresses which held out for Edward. 10

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the line was forced to move, and the steady resistance of the squares soon threw the knighthood into disorder. In the moment of failure the sight of a body of camp followers, whom they mistook for reënforcements to the enemy, spread panic through the English host. It broke in a headlong rout. Its thousands of brilliant horsemen were soon floundering in pits which had guarded the level ground to Bruce's left, or riding in wild haste for the border. Few, however, were fortunate enough to reach it. Edward himself, with a body of five hundred knights, succeeded in escaping to Dunbar and the sea. But the flower of his knighthood fell into the hands of the victors, while the footmen were ruthlessly cut down by the country folk as they fled. For centuries after, the rich plunder of the English camp left its traces on the treasure and vestment rolls of castle and abbey throughout the Lowlands.

From A Short History of the English People

savage clansmen : there was no friendliness between the Highlands and the Lowlands of Scotland, and Bruce owed his throne to the Lowlands. — **James Douglas** : called "The Black Douglas" because of his dark complexion. His name was a terror to his enemies, but both friend and foe admired his courtesy and his courage. His great-nephew was the hero of the ballad "*The Hunting of the Cheviot*." — **Edinburgh** (ěd'n bū ō), **Roxburgh** (rōks'būr ō), and **Perth** : three famous fortresses in the eastern part of Scotland. — **invest** : lay siege to. — **Stirling** : a castle and town noted in Scottish history. Stirling stands midway between the east and west coasts and at the entrance of the Highlands. — **Edward** : Edward II of England, who claimed to be ruler of Scotland also. — **burn** : brook. — **rake** : destroy. — **squares** : Bruce drew up his forces in squares. — **men at arms** : soldiers fully armed. — **pits** : deep holes covered lightly with straw.

THE MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS, the beloved poet of Scotland, was born in 1759 and died in 1796. "In no heart," says Thomas Carlyle, "did the love of country ever burn with a warmer glow than in that of Burns." Nature gave him the true gift of song, a winning personality, and a sympathetic heart, yet the critic must find much in his life to pity and even to blame. 5

NOTE. Burns imagines his hero, Robert Bruce, as encouraging his men before the great battle.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed, 10

Or to victorie !
 Now's the day, and now 's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's power —
 Chains and slaverie ! 15

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !
 Wha for Scotland's king and law 20
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?
 Let him on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they *shall* be free!
 5 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die! .

wha hae (hwā hā): who have. — **Wallace**: a patriot and hero of Scotland. — **wham** (hwam): whom. — **aften**: often. — **Edward**: Edward II of England. — **fa'** (fa): fall. — **on**: come on. — **dearest**: most vital.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 10 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And oh! may heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 15 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

From *The Cotter's Saturday Night*
 ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS

THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) was a Scottish essayist, historian, and philosopher. He was a brave thinker, an honest speaker, and a strong, forceful writer.

Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and 5 manhood, but only youth; for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character; in his thirty-seventh year he is still, as it were, in youth. . . . For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colors; he expects from it what it cannot give 10 to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstance, in love, friendship, honor, pecuniary ease. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of Enjoy- 15 ment, not earned by his own labor, but showered on him by the beneficence of Destiny.

In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate. His father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as 20 the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more; a man with a keen insight and a devout

heart ; reverent toward God, friendly, therefore, and fearless towards all that God has made. Unfortunately he was very poor ; had he been even a little richer, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a
 5 straw ; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns's seven acres of ground prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school ; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university ; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a
 10 well-trained, intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature ; for it lay in him to have done this. But Burns remained a hard-worked plowboy, and British literature took its course.

We know from the best evidence that up to this date
 15 [1781] Burns was happy ; nay, that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world ; more so even than he ever afterwards appeared. But now, at this early age, he quits the paternal roof and goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society. . . .
 20 Manhood begins when we have reconciled ourselves to Necessity and thus in reality triumphed over it and felt that in Necessity we are free. Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it in his father's cottage, he would have been saved many a bitter hour
 25 and year of remorseful sorrow. From *An Essay on Burns*

cornucopia : horn of plenty : in classical mythology a magic horn which instantly became filled with whatever its possessor desired.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY (1844-1890), a native of Ireland, came to America in 1869 and soon built up for himself an enviable fame as a journalist and poet.

NOTE. The following remarkable tribute to the Pilgrim settlers of New England will repay thoughtful study. It is not easy reading, but many of the lines are well worth committing to memory. 5

So held they firm, the Fathers aye to be,
From home to Holland, Holland to the sea;
Pilgrims for manhood, in their little ship,
Hope in each heart and prayer on every lip.

10



They could not live by king-made codes and creeds;
They chose the path where every footstep bleeds.
Protesting, not rebelling; scorned and banned;
Through pains and prisons harried from the land;

- Through double exile, — till at last they stand
 Apart from all, — unique, unworldly, true,
 Selected grain to sow the earth anew ;
 A winnowed part, a saving remnant they ;
 5 Dreamers who work, adventurers who pray !

 Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
 Began the kingdom not of kings, but men :
 Began the making of the world again.
 Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
 10 A new world reached and raised an old-world link,
 When English hands, by wider vision taught,
 Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
 And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
 Their ancient freedom of the wapentake !
 15 Here struck the seed — the Pilgrims' roofless town,
 Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
 Where all the people equal-franchised met ;
 Where doom was writ of privilege and crown ;
 Where human breath blew all the idols down ;
 20 Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were
 furled,
 And common men began to own the world !

 Give praise to others, early-come or late,
 For love and labor on our ship of state ;
 25 But this must stand above all fame and zeal :

The Pilgrim Fathers laid the ribs and keel.
 On their strong lines we base our social health, —
 The man—the home—the town—the commonwealth!
 Unconscious builders? Yea: the conscious fail!
 Design is impotent if Nature frown. 5
 No deathless pile has grown from intellect.
 Immortal things have God for architect,
 And men are but the granite he lays down.
 Unconscious? Yea! They thought it might avail
 To build a gloomy creed about their lives, 10
 To shut out all dissent; but naught survives
 Of their poor structure; and we know to-day
 Their mission was less pastoral than lay —
 More Nation-seed than Gospel-seed were they!

 Their strict professions were not cant nor pride. 15
 Who calls them narrow, let his soul be wide!
 Austere, exclusive — ay, but with their faults,
 Their golden probity mankind exalts.
 They never lied in practice, peace, or strife;
 They were no hypocrites; their faith was clear; 20
 They feared too much some sins men ought to fear:
 The lordly arrogance and avarice,
 And vain frivolity's besotting vice;
 The stern enthusiasm of their life
 Impelled too far, and weighed poor nature down; 25
 They missed God's smile, perhaps, to watch his frown.

But he who digs for faults shall resurrect
 Their manly virtues born of self-respect.
 How sum their merits? They were true and brave;
 They broke no compact and they owned no slave.
 5 They had no servile order, no dumb throat;
 They trusted first the universal vote;
 The first were they to practice and instill
 The rule of law and not the rule of will;
 They lived one noble test: who would be freed
 10 Must give up all to follow duty's lead.
 They made no revolution based on blows,
 But taught one truth that all the planet knows,
 That all men think of, looking on a throne —
 The people may be trusted with their own!

aye (āy): ever. — **harried**: worried, driven. — **double exile**: first in Holland, then across the sea. — **selected grain**: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness" (Stoughton); "God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting" (Longfellow). — **hither brink**: this side. — **feudal bars**: restrictions made on English liberty by the customs of the Norman conquerors who introduced feudal slavery early in English history. — **wapentake**: an armed assembly of freemen in England, belonging to the time of the Angles and Saxons. — **privilege**: in England the nobles were allowed many privileges or favors unknown to the common people. — **crests**: decorations which only privileged classes were allowed to wear. — **vulture flags**: a favorite design for the private flag of a powerful noble was a bird of prey. — **ship of state**: the nation. — **the town**: the town meeting, the cradle of liberty, was a survival of the wapentake. — **impotent**: powerless. No plan succeeds which is contrary to nature. — **lay**: relating to the people rather than to the clergy. — **sum**: sum up. — **servile order**: a slave class, having no voice in the government. See "dumb throat," in the same line.

ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO KENILWORTH

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771; he died at Abbotsford in 1832. During his youth he suffered from ill health and spent much time in the open air on his grandfather's farm. Here he became familiar with the ballads and traditions of the Scottish border, of which he afterward made use in his poems and novels. Scott has often 5 been called "The Wizard of the North," so wonderful was the power and rapidity of his work. His first novel, *Waverley*, met with instant success and was followed quickly by *Guy Mannering*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Quentin Durward*, and many others, the series being known as the *Waverley Novels*, from the name of the first one. The following selection is from *Kenilworth*. 10

NOTE. The description given by the author is founded upon Robert Laneham's account of Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenilworth, written in 1575.

It was the twilight of a summer night (July 9th, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious 15 expectation of the queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen and barrels of ale set abroach in different places of the road, 20 had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the queen and her favorite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements of whooping, hallooing, shrieking, and playing 25

rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the chase, where the greater number
5 of the common sort were stationed, when all of a sudden a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and at the instant, far heard over flood and field, the great bell of the castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voice of
10 many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath, or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

Presently there came a shout of applause, so tremendously vociferous that the country echoed for miles round.
15 The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the castle, and announced to all within that Queen Elizabeth had entered the royal chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the castle sounded at once,
20 and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated wel-
25 comes of the multitude.

As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the park, and, broadening

and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the gallery tower. The word was passed along the line, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, 5 in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a 10 milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage you saw the daughter of a hundred kings.

The ladies of the court who rode beside her majesty had taken especial care that their own appearance should 15 not be more glorious than the occasion demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which they were distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendor and 20 beauty.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host as of her master of the horse. The black steed that he mounted had not a single white hair 25 on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the earl at large

expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth and specked
 5 his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held and the proud steed which he bestrode, for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship and all other exercises belonging to his quality.
 10 He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train, and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features.

The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the queen's person were of course of the bravest
 15 and the fairest, — the highest-born nobles and the wisest counselors of that distinguished reign. Thus marshaled, the cavalcade approached the gallery tower which formed the extreme barrier of the castle.

Elizabeth received most graciously the homage of the
 20 Herculean porter, and, bending her head to him in requital, passed through his guarded tower, from the top of which was poured a clamorous blast of warlike music, which was replied to by other bands of minstrelsy placed at different points on the castle walls, and by others again
 25 stationed in the chase, while the tones of the one, as they yet vibrated on the echoes, were caught up and answered by new harmony from different quarters.



Amidst these bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the gallery tower and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted and sent their horses to the neighboring village of Kenilworth, following the queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the gallery tower.

The queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided ; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake and, issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently towards the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-colored silken mantle bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and

ankles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long, silky black hair she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise. 5

The pageant was so well managed that this Lady of the Floating Islands landed at Mortimer's Tower with her two attendants just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then announced herself as that famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of 10 King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merlin. Since that early period she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame 15 and might by whom Kenilworth had been successively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Clintons, the Mountforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters 20 which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport which the castle and its environs, which lake or land, could afford.

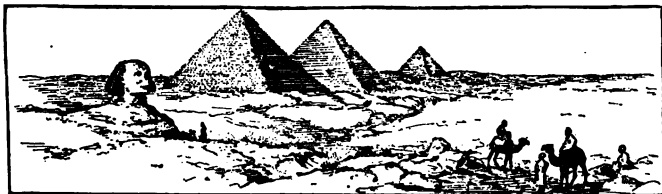
The queen received this address also with great cour- 25 tesy, and made answer in raillery, "We thought this lake had belonged to our own dominions, fair dame; but since

so famed a lady claims it for hers, we shall be glad at some other time to have further communing with you touching our joint interests."

With this gracious answer the Lady of the Lake
 5 vanished. But it is by no means our purpose to detail minutely all the princely festivities of Kenilworth. It is sufficient to say that under discharge of splendid fireworks the queen entered the base-court of Kenilworth through Mortimer's Tower, and, moving on through
 10 pageants of heathen gods and heroes of antiquity, who offered gifts and compliments on the bended knee, at length found her way to the great hall of the castle, gorgeously hung for her reception with the richest silken tapestry, misty with perfumes, and sounding to strains
 15 of soft and delicious music.

Abridged

her favorite: Dudley, Earl of Leicester (lēs'tēr), the master of Kenilworth. — **the chase:** an open hunting ground. — **wildfire:** a mixture of inflammable materials very hard to quench when once ignited. — **salvo:** salute. — **stand fast:** stand still. — **the daughter:** the descendant. — **his quality:** his rank. — **Herculean:** huge as Hercules, the Greek hero. — **requital:** acknowledgment. — **Tritons:** gods of the sea. — **Nereids** (nē'rē'Ids): water nymphs. — **heronry:** a place where herons breed. — **watchet:** pale blue. — **phylac'teries:** amulets or charms worn by the ancient Hebrews. — **outwork:** part of the outer defense of a castle. — **Lady of the Lake:** a mysterious lady in the story of King Arthur. — **Lancelot:** the bravest of Arthur's knights. — **Merlin:** a famous enchanter. — **the Clintons, the Mountforts,** etc.: names famous in English history. — **envi'rons:** surroundings.



OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE (bīsh) SHELLEY (1792-1822) was one of the great English poets. He is famous for the delicate imagery of his verse.

I met a traveler from an antique land
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand 5
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed; 10
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 “ My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! ”
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, 15
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Ozymandias (ŏz ī măn'dī əs) : a famous king of Egypt, supposed to have lived about 2000 B.C.

THE QUARREL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the great dramatist of the world, was born at Stratford on Avon, England, in 1564, and died there in 1616. Among his famous plays are *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest*. Although his dramas overshadow his other writings, Shakespeare holds a high place among the great English poets as a writer of sonnets and other poems.

NOTE. In the year 44 B.C. Julius Cæsar was the head of the Roman world. Fearful of his power, seventy or eighty conspirators joined in a plot to assassinate him on the ides (the fifteenth day) of March. Brutus and Cassius, the leaders of this conspiracy, were forced to flee from the city after Cæsar's death, and soon dissension arose between them. Mark Antony and Octavius Cæsar followed them into Macedonia, a country north of Greece, to disperse the armies which they had gathered. The following scene, which is laid in Brutus' tent, shortly before the battle of Philippi, is taken from the play of *Julius Cæsar*.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
20 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
25 Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm !
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption, 5
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement !

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab, 10
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors 15
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I, 20
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is 't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.

5 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Brutus. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

10 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

15 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: for mine own part,

20 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,

Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say "better"?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not?

Brutus. No.

5

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, 10
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :
For I can raise no money by vile means : 15
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection : I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, 20
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath rived my
heart :

5 A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

10 *Brutus.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;

15 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
20 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine ; richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;



Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

5 *Cassius.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus!

Brutus. What's the matter?

Cassius. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
10 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

condemned and noted: publicly disgraced. — **Lucius Pella:** a former Roman official to whom Brutus had given considerable authority. — **praying on his side:** pleading in his behalf. — **slighted off:** disregarded. — **nice:** petty, small. — **comment:** unfriendly criticism. — **condemned to have:** blamed for having. — **an itching palm:** greed for gold. — **mart:** traffic in. — **chas'tisement:** punishment. — **ides:** the Romans called the first day of each month "kalends"; the fifth was known as the "nones" except in March, May, July, and October, when the nones fell on the seventh; while the "ides" were eight days later than the nones. — **what villain:** who of us was such a villain. — **go to:** an expression of impatience, like our colloquial phrase *Get out!* — **choler:** anger. — **testy:** fretful. — **venom of your spleen:** poison of your anger. — **vaunting:** boasting. — **drachma (drāk'mā):** a silver coin. — **indirection:** crooked methods. — **to lock:** as to lock. — **rascal counters:** worthless coins. — **rived (rīvd):** torn. — **Olympus:** "the heaven-kissing hill" on which the gods were supposed to live. — **braved:** defied. — **conned by rote:** learned by heart. — **Plutus:** the god of riches. — **humor:** a passing mood. — **much enforced:** sharply struck. — **straight:** immediately. — **rash humor:** quick temper.

IN THE ICE PACK—I

NORMAN DUNCAN

NORMAN DUNCAN (1871—), professor of rhetoric in Washington and Jefferson College, is of Canadian birth. He has written interesting sketches of the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts.

At break of day the schooner was still fast in the grip of the floe and driving southwest with the gale. Then the thin light, flowing through a rent at the horizon, spread itself over a sea all dull white and heaving, an expanse of ice, shattered and ground to bits, which rose and fell with the waves. There was a confusion of savage noises, each proceeding from the fury and dire stress of conflict; far aloft, where every shivering rope and spar opposed the will of the wind, the gale howled its wrath as it split and swept on, and below decks the timbers cried out under the pressure and cruel grinding of the ice; but these were as a whimper to a scream in the sum of uproar; it was the rending and crashing and crunching of the wind-driven floe, this thing of mass immense, plunging on as under the whip of a master, which filled all the vast world with noise.

The light increased; it disclosed the faces of men to men—frozen cheeks, steaming mouths, beards weighted with icicles, eyes flaring in dark pits. It disclosed the littered decks, the grimy deck house and galley, the wrecked bowsprit, the abandoned wheel, the rigging sheathed with

ice, and beyond, as it pushed its way into the uttermost shadows, the solid shape of Deadly Rock and the Blueblack Shoal lying in the path of the wind.

The men had gathered with the skipper by the windlass
5 to wait for the morning, and they had been on the watch the night long.

“See the Blueblack, dead ahead?” the skipper bawled, for the confusion of ice and wind overwhelmed his voice.

They followed the direction of his arm, from the tip of
10 his frozen mit to the nearing shoal, where the sea was grinding the ice to slush. Death, it might be, confronted them, but they said nothing. The schooner was in the grip of the pack, which the wind, not their will, controlled. There was nothing to be done, no call upon strength or
15 understanding. Why talk? So they waited to see what the wind would do with the pack.

The shoal lay dead ahead in the path of the schooner’s drift. In every part of it waves shook themselves free of ice and leaped high into the wind—all white and frothy
20 against the sky, which was of the drear color of lead. The rocks stuck out of the sea like iron teeth. They were as nothing before the momentum of the pack, no hindrance to its slow, heavy onrush. The ice scraped over and between them, and with the help of the waves they
25 ground it up in the passage.

“Sure, men,” said the skipper, “’t is barbarous hard to lose the schooner.”

He looked her over from stem to stern—along her shapely rail, and aloft, over the detail of her rigging. His glance lingered here and there—lingered wistfully. She was his life's achievement; he had builded her.

"Yes, skipper, sir, sure it is," said Saul Nash. He 5
lurched to the skipper's side and put a hand on his shoulder.

Just then Saul's young brother John approached the group. He was a slight, brown-eyed boy, with small measure of the bone and hard flesh of his mates. Saul 10
moved under the foremast shrouds and beckoned him over.

"John, boy," the man said in a tender whisper, "keep alongside of me when—when— Come," bursting into forced heartiness, "there's a good lad, now; keep along- 15
side o' me."

John caught his breath. "Yes, Saul," he whispered. Then he had to moisten his lips. "Yes, I will," he added, quite steadily.

The swift, upward glance—the quivering glance, dart- 20
ing from the depths—betrayed the boy again. He was one of those poor, dreamful folk who fear the sea. It may be that Saul loved him for that—for that strange difference.

It began to snow, not in feathery flakes, silent and 25
soft, but the whizzing dust of flakes, which eddied and ran with the wind in blasts that stung. The snow came

sweeping from the northeast in a thick, gray cloud. It engulfed the ship. The writhing ice round about and the shoal were soon covered up and hidden. Eyes were no longer of any use in the watching ; but the skipper's ears
5 told him, from moment to moment, that the shoal was nearer than it had been. Most of the crew went below to get warm while there was yet time, that they might *be* warm, warm and supple, in the crisis. Also they ate their fill of pork and biscuit and drank their fill of water, being
10 wise in the ways of the ice. Some took off their jackets, to give their arms freer play in the coming fight ; some tightened their belts ; some filled their pockets with the things they loved most ; all made ready. Then they sat down to wait ; and the waiting, in that sweltering, pitch-
15 ing hole, with its shadows and flickering light, was voiceless and fidgety.

It was the brewing time of panic. Each watched the other as if that other sought to wrest some advantage from him. Such was the temper of the men that when
20 the skipper roared for all hands, there was a rush for the ladder and a scuffle for place at the foot of it. The old man was up on the port rail with the snow curling about him. He had a grip of the mainmast shrouds to stay himself against the wind and the lunging of the ship.
25 The thud and swish of waves falling back and the din of grinding ice broke from the depths of the snow over the bow — from some place near and hidden — and

the gale was roaring past. The men crowded closer to hear him.

"'Tis time to take to the ice," he cried.

Young John Nash was in the shelter of Saul's great body; he was touching the skirt of the man's coat like a child in a crowd. He looked from the skipper's face and from the deck to the waste of pitching ice and to the cloudy wall of snow which shut it in. Then he laid hold of a fold in the coat, which he had but touched before, and crept a little closer. 10

IN THE ICE PACK—II

The schooner was low with her weight of seal fat. It was but a short leap to the pack in which she was caught—at most, but a swinging drop from the rail. That was all; even so, as the crew went over the side the shadow of the great terror fell—fell as from a cloud approaching. 15 There was a rush to be clear of this doomed thing of wood, to be first in the way of escape, though the end of the untraveled path was a shadow; so there was a crowding at the rail, an outcry, a snarl, and the sound of a blow. The note of human frenzy was struck—a 20 clangorous note, breaking harshly even into the mighty rage of things overhead and roundabout; and it clanged again, in a threat and a death cry, as the men gained footing on the pack and pushed out from the schooner in the wake of Saul Nash. 25

The ice was no more than a crust of fragments which the wind kept herded close, and it rose and fell with the long, low heave of the waves. Save upon a few scattered pans, which had resisted the grinding of the pack, there
 5 was no place where a man could rest his foot; for where he set it down, there it sank. He must leap — leap — leap — from one sinking fragment to another, choosing in a flash where next to alight, or the pack would let him through and close over his head.

10 Moreover, the wind swept across the pack with full force and a stinging touch, and it was filled with the dust of snow; a wind which froze and choked and blinded where it could.

“We ’ll wait here,” said Saul, between convulsive pants,
 15 when with John and old Bill Anderson he had come to rest on a small pan. He turned his back to the wind to catch his breath. “We ’ll clear the shoal here,” he added.

Then a hush fell upon the ice, a hush that deepened and spread, and soon left only the swish of the gale and
 20 the muffled roar of the shoal. The driving force of the wind had somewhere been mysteriously counteracted. The pressure was withdrawn. The pack was free. It would swerve outward from the Blueblack Shoal.

“Back, men! She ’ll go clear of the shoal!”

25 That was the skipper. They could see him standing with his back to the gale and his hands to his mouth. Beyond, in the midst of snow, the schooner lay tossing.

The pack thinned and fell away into its fragments. The way back was vanishing, even the sinking way over which they had come.

It was then perceived that the schooner was drifting faster than the pack through which she was pushing. As 5 the ice fell away before her, her speed increased. The crew swerved to head her off. When Saul and John came to that one patch of loose ice where the rail was within reach, a crowd of seven was congested there, and with brute unreason they were fighting for the first grip. . . . 10

The schooner was drifting faster. The loosened pack divided before her prows. She was scraping through the ice, leaving it behind her, faster and faster yet. The blind crowd amidships plunged along with her, all the while losing something of their position. 15

"Steady, John, boy!" said Saul. "Forward there, under the quarter!"

"Yes, Saul. Oh, make haste!"

In a moment they were under the forward quarter, standing firm on a narrow pan of ice, waiting for the drift 20 of the schooner to bring the rail within reach. When that time came, Saul caught the lad in his arms and lifted him high. But even as John drew himself up, a hand was raised to catch his foot. Saul struck at the arm. Then the fight was upon him. A man clambered on his back. 25 He felt his foothold sinking, tipping, sinking. The rest trampled over them. Before they could recover and make

good their footing, the ship had drifted past. They were cut off from her by the open water in her wake. She slipped away like a shadow, vaguer grew, and vanished in the swirling snow. But Saul knew that John was
5 aboard and would come safe to Ragged Harbor. . . .

Saul gathered his strength to continue the fight, to meet the stress and terrors of the hours to come. Soon the seas came with new venom and might; they were charged with broken ice which added weight and terror to
10 the waves. They bruised and dazed and sorely hurt the man when they fell upon him. No wave came but carried jagged chunks of ice, some great and some small. Saul shielded his head with his arms. He was struck on the legs and on the left side, and once he was struck on the
15 breast and knocked down. Again, after a time — it may now have been three hours before midnight — other greater waves came. They broke over his head. They cast their weight of ice upon him. There seemed to be no end to their number. Once Saul, rising from where they had
20 beaten him, rising doggedly to face them again, found that his right arm was powerless. He tried to lift it, but could not. He felt a bone grate over a bone in his shoulder, and a stab of pain. So he shielded his head from the ice in the next wave with his left arm, and thus it went on
25 in diminishing degree for fifteen hours longer.

The folk of Neighborly Cove say that when the wind once more herded the pack and drove it inshore, Saul

Nash, being alone, made his way across four miles of loose ice to the home of Abraham Coachman, where they had corn meal for dinner; but Saul has forgotten all that befell him after the sea struck him on the shoulder, — the things of the whirling night, of the lagging dawn, when 5 the snow thinned and ceased, and of the gray, frowning day, when the waves left him in peace. A crooked shoulder and a broad scar tell him that the fight was hard. But what matter? Notwithstanding all, when next the sea baited its traps with swarming herds, he set forth with 10 John, his brother, to the hunt; for the world which lies hidden in the wide beyond has some strange need of seal fat, and stands ready to pay, as of course. What matter — all this toil and peril — when the strength of a man provides so bounteously that his children may pass their 15 plates for more? What matter — in the end? Ease is a shame, and, for truth, old age holds nothing for any man save a seat in a corner and the sound of voices drifting in.

Abridged from *The Way of the Sea*

floe: a low, flat mass of floating ice. — **galley**: the kitchen of a vessel. — **pack**: a large area of floating ice driven more or less closely together. — **shrouds**: ropes which support the mast. — **port**: left, as opposed to *starboard*, right. — **lunging**: plunging, leaping. — **clangorous** (clăn'gěr ūs): ringing. — **pans**: large blocks of floating ice. — **quarter**: the side of a vessel between the middle portion and the stern. — **swarming herds**: herds of seal which visit the Newfoundland and Labrador coast each year in great numbers. — **What matter**, etc.: these reflections are those of the seal hunter, whose daily food depends upon his courage to meet such hardships.

A LOST REVENGE

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE. The following pages are dramatized from a chapter of *Quentin Durward*. Louis XI of France, after crafty attempts to extend his power, has become, through superstitious confidence in his "lucky stars," the prisoner of his dreaded vassal, Charles, Duke of Burgundy. The king has
 5 been allowed to retain a few of his followers; these consist of a member of his Scottish guard, named Balafre, his provost Tristan, with two assistants, and the famous astrologer Galeotti, whom Louis begins to distrust.

SCENE. *A small, dreary room, scantily furnished and hung with ragged tapestry. Louis is seated; Balafre stands before him in a*
 10 *soldierly attitude of attention.*

Louis. My good soldier, thou hast served me long and hast had little promotion. We are here in a case where I may either live or die, but I would not die an ungrateful man, or leave either a friend or an enemy un-
 15 recompensed. Now, I have a friend that is to be rewarded, that is thyself; an enemy to be punished according to his deserts, and that is the base, treacherous villain, Martius Galeotti, who by his impostures and specious falsehoods has trained me hither into the power of my mortal
 20 enemy with the firm purpose of my destruction.

Balafre. I will challenge him on that quarrel, since they say he is a fighting blade, though he looks somewhat unwieldy. I doubt not but the Duke of Burgundy will allow us a fair field; and if your Majesty live so long and enjoy
 25 so much freedom, you shall behold me do battle in your

right, and take as proper a vengeance on this philosopher as your heart could desire.

Louis. I commend your bravery and your devotion to my service ; but this treacherous villain is a stout man at arms, and I would not willingly risk thy life, my brave soldier. 5

Balafré. I were no brave soldier, may it please your Majesty, if I dared not face a better man than he.

Louis. Nevertheless it is not our pleasure so to put thee in venture, Balafré. This traitor comes hither, summoned by our command. We would have thee, so soon as thou 10 canst find occasion, smite him under the fifth rib. Dost thou understand me ?

Balafré. Truly I do, but, if it please your Majesty, this is a matter entirely out of my course of practice. I could not kill you a dog unless it were in hot assault or such like. 15

Louis. Why, surely *thou* dost not pretend to tenderness of heart ! thou who hast been first in storm and siege.

Balafré. My lord, I have neither feared nor spared your enemies. God pity us poor soldiers who are first driven mad with danger, and then madder with victory ! But 20 what your Majesty purposes is out of my course of practice, though I will never deny that it has been wide enough. As for the astrologer, if he be a traitor let him die a traitor's death ; I will neither meddle nor make with it. Your Majesty has your provost and two of his men without, 25 who are more fit for dealing with him than is a Scottish gentleman of my family and standing in the service.

Louis. You say well, but at least it belongs to thy duty to prevent interruption, and to guard the execution of my most just sentence.

Balafré. I will do so faithfully. Your Majesty need not
 5 doubt my fealty in that which I can reconcile to my conscience, which, for mine own convenience and the service of your Royal Majesty, I can vouch to be a pretty large one ; at least, I know I have done some deeds for your Majesty which I would rather have eaten a handful of my
 10 own dagger than have done for any one else.

Louis. Let that rest, and hear you, when Galeotti is admitted and the door shut on him, do you stand guard at the entrance. Let no one intrude ; that is all I require of you. Go hence and send the provost marshal to me.

Exit Balafré

Enter Tristan

15 *Louis.* Welcome, gossip ! What thinkest thou of our situation ?

Tristan. As of men sentenced to death, unless there come a reprieve from the duke.

Louis. Reprieved or not, he that decoyed us into this
 20 snare shall go ahead of us to the next world to take up our lodgings. Tristan, thou hast done many an act of brave justice — thou must stand by me to the end.

Tristan. I will, my liege. I am a plain fellow, but I am grateful. I will do my duty within these walls or elsewhere,
 25 and your sentence shall be as literally executed as when

you sat upon your throne. They may deal with me the next hour for it if they will; I care not.

Louis. It is even what I expected of thee, my gossip. But hast thou good assistance? The traitor is strong and able-bodied and will doubtless be clamorous for aid. The 5 Scot will do naught but keep the door, and it is well that he can be brought to that by flattery and humoring. Have you men and means to make sharp and sure work?

Tristan. I have with me two assistants so expert in their office that out of three men they would hang up one 10 ere his companions were aware. But what is to be our present subject, if it please your Majesty? I like to be sure of my man, for, as your Majesty is pleased sometimes to remind me, I have now and then mistaken the criminal and strung up in his place an honest laborer who had 15 given your Majesty no offense.

Louis. Most true. Know then, Tristan, the condemned person is Martius Galeotti. You start, but it is even as I say. The villain hath trained us all hither by his falsehoods, that he might put us into the hands of the Duke 20 of Burgundy.

Tristan. But not without vengeance. Would you have it done in your presence, my gracious liege?

Louis. Nay; but I will see the villain once more, to observe how he bears himself toward the master whom he 25 has led into the toils. Why do you tarry? Go get your grooms ready. I expect the villain instantly. Begone,

Tristan ; thou wert not wont to be so slow when business was to be done.

Tristan. On the contrary, may it please your Majesty, you were ever wont to say that I was too fast and mis-
5 took your purpose. Now please your Majesty to give me a sign when you part with Galeotti, whether the business goes on or no. I have known your Majesty once or twice to change your mind and to blame me for overdispatch.

Louis. Thou suspicious creature ! I tell thee I will *not*
10 change my mind ; but, to silence thy remonstrance, observe : If I say to the knave at parting, " There is a heaven above us ! " then let the business go on ; but if I say, " Go in peace ! " you will understand that my purpose is altered.

Tristan. My head is somewhat of the dullest out of my
15 own department. Stay, let me rehearse : If you bid him depart in peace, am I to have him dealt upon ?

Louis. No, no, idiot, no ! in that case you let him pass free. But if I say, " There is a heaven above us ! " up with him a yard or two nearer the planets he is so con-
20 versant with.

Exit Tristan

Enter Galeotti

Galeotti. Every good planet be gracious to your Majesty ! Every evil constellation withhold its influence from my royal master !

Louis. Methinks when you look around this apartment,
25 when you think where it is situated and how guarded, your wisdom might consider that my propitious stars had

proved faithless, and that evil conjunction had already done its worst. Art thou not ashamed, Martius Galeotti, to see me here and a prisoner, when you recollect by what assurances I was lured hither?

Galeotti. And art *thou* not ashamed, my royal sire, to turn from the first frown of fortune, like a craven from the first clash of arms? Dost thou shrink from the first pressure of adversity, frightened out of the course, like a scared racer, by shadowy and unreal evils?

Louis. Shadowy and unreal! frontless as thou art! Is this dungeon unreal? the weapons of my guards, which you may hear clash at the gate, are these shadows? What, traitor, *are* real evils, if imprisonment, dethronement, and danger to life are not so?

Galeotti. Ignorance, ignorance, my brother, and prejudice are the only real evils. Believe me, that kings in the plenitude of power, if immersed in ignorance and prejudice, are less free than sages in a dungeon and loaded with material chains. Toward this true happiness it is mine to guide you; be it yours to attend to my instructions.

Louis. And it is to such freedom that your lessons would have guided me! I wish you had told me that the dominion promised me so liberally was an empire over my own passions. I might surely have attained this mental ascendancy at a more moderate price than that of forfeiting the fairest crown in Christendom. Go, sir, and think not to escape punishment. *There is a heaven above us!*

Galeotti. I leave you not to your fate until I have vindicated even in your eyes, darkened as they are, that reputation, a brighter gem than the brightest in thy crown, at which the world shall wonder ages after all
 5 the race of Capet are moldered into oblivion.



Louis. Speak on ; thine impudence cannot make me change my purposes or my opinion. Confess that I am a dupe, thou an impostor, thy pretended science a dream, and the planets which shine above us as little influential
 10 of our destiny as their shadows, when reflected in the river, are capable of altering its course.

Galeotti. How knowest thou the secret influence of yonder blessed lights? Even the weakest, the moon, holds under her domination not such poor streams as the Somme, but the tides of the mighty ocean itself. . . . The end is not yet. Thine own tongue shall ere long confess the benefit which thou hast already received from the favorable conjunction of the planets. 5

Louis. This is too — too insolent, at once to deceive and to insult! Hence, and think not my wrongs shall be unavenged. There is a heaven above us! Yet stop! 10 Thou bearest thine imposture bravely out. Let me hear your answer to one question, and think ere you speak. Can thy pretended skill ascertain the hour of thine own death?

Galeotti. Only by referring to the fate of another. 15

Louis. I understand not thine answer.

Galeotti. Know then, O king, that this only can I tell with certainty concerning mine own death, that it shall take place exactly twenty-four hours before that of your Majesty. 20

Louis. Ha! sayest thou so? Hold — hold, go not, wait one moment. Martius Galeotti, I have been a kind master to thee, enriched thee, made thee my friend, my companion, and my instructor. Be open with me. Is there aught in this art of yours? And is the measure of our 25 lives so very, *very* nearly matched? Confess, my good Martius, you speak after the trick of your trade. Confess,

I pray you, and you shall have no displeasure at my hand. I am in years, a prisoner, likely to be deprived of a kingdom; to one in my condition truth is worth kingdoms, and it is to thee, dearest Martius, that I must look for
5 this inestimable jewel.

Galeotti. And I have laid it before your Majesty at the risk that in brutal passion you might turn upon me and rend me.

Louis. Who, I, Galeotti? Alas, thou mistakest me.
10 Am I not captive, and should I not be patient? Tell me, then, in sincerity, have you fooled me, or is your science true?

Galeotti. Your Majesty will forgive me if I reply to you that time only, time and the event, will convince
15 incredulity. A day or two days will prove or disprove what I have averred. I wish your Majesty good rest.

Louis. To-morrow we will talk more of this. Go in peace, my learned father, go in peace, *go in peace!*

Louis XI: an able but unscrupulous king of France in the fifteenth century. — **Balafre** (bál á frā). — **provost** (prô vō'): a military official in charge of prisoners. — **Galeotti** (gā lā ô'ti): an Italian philosopher. — **astrologer**: one who pretends to foretell events from the appearance of the stars and planets. — **trained**: enticed, coaxed. — **blade**: fellow. — **man at arms**: a soldier fully armed. — **meddle nor make**: an old English phrase meaning "to interfere." — **fealty** (fē'al tỹ): loyalty. — **gossip**: comrade. — **conversant**: well acquainted. — **propitious**: favorable. — **conjunction**: the close relation of two planets or of a planet and a star. — **frontless**: impertinent. — **Ca'pet**: the royal family to which Louis belonged. — **Somme** (sôm): a river of northern France. — **in years**: growing old. — **rend**: destroy. The reference here is to Matthew vii. 6.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

TRANSLATED FROM HOMER BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

NOTE. Homer is one of the greatest names in the world's literature. To him we owe the great epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He lived several hundred years before the Christian era, and it was not until long after his death that his poems were put into writing. Tradition represents him as a blind minstrel, wandering about Greece and Asia Minor and telling 5 to the music of his lyre the wonderful deeds of his country's heroes.

The long poem of the *Iliad* deals with the events of the Trojan War, which is supposed to have taken place many years before the time of Homer. The war had continued for nine years without decisive result, when a quarrel arose between Achilles and Agamemnon, two of the Greek leaders. 10 Achilles sulked in his tent and refused to fight. Here the poem of the *Iliad* begins. The following lines are from Book VI and describe the farewell meeting of Hector, the Trojan prince, and his wife Andromache. Troy has been hotly besieged and Hector has returned to the city to arrange for an appeal to Minerva in its behalf. Before he goes back to the 15 field he seeks his wife Andromache.

She came attended by a maid, who bore
 A tender child — a babe too young to speak —
 Upon her bosom, — Hector's only son,
 Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called 20
 Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax, —
 The city's lord, — since Hector stood the sole
 Defense of Troy. The father on his child
 Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
 Pressed to his side meanwhile, and all in tears, 25
 Clung to his hand, and thus beginning, said : —

“Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
 Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
 Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
 Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
 5 To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,
 If I must leave thee, to go down to earth,
 For I shall have no hope when thou art gone, —
 Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
 And no dear mother. . . .

Hector, thou

10 Art father and dear mother now to me,
 And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
 In pity keep within the fortress here,
 Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife
 A widow. Post thine army near the place
 15 Of the wild fig tree, where the city walls
 Are low and may be scaled: Thrice in the war
 The boldest of the foe have tried the spot.” . . .

Then answered Hector, great in war, “All this
 I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand
 20 Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
 Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
 The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart
 Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
 And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,
 25 Upholding my great father’s fame and mine;
 Yet well in my undoubting mind I know

The day shall come in which our sacred Troy
 And Priam, and the people over whom
 Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.
 But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
 Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those 5
 Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
 My brothers many and brave, — who all at last,
 Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust, —
 Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
 Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee 10
 Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
 Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,
 And from the fountain of Messeis draw
 Water, or from the Hyperian spring,
 Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot. 15
 And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,
 'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
 Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought
 Around their city.' So shall some one say,
 And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him 20
 Who haply might have kept afar the day
 Of thy captivity. Oh, let the earth
 Be heaped above my head in death before
 I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!
 So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms 25
 To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back
 To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see

His father helmeted in glittering brass,
 And eying with affright the horsehair plume
 That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
 At this both parents in their fondness laughed ;
 5 And hastily the mighty Hector took
 The helmet from his brow and laid it down
 Gleaming upon the ground, and having kissed
 His darling son and tossed him up in play,
 Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven : —

10 “ O Jupiter and all ye deities,
 Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
 Among the Trojans eminent like me,
 And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
 ‘ This man is greater than his father was ! ’ . . .
 15 That so his mother may be glad at heart.”

So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
 He gave the boy ; she on her fragrant breast
 Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
 Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed
 20 Her forehead gently with his hand and said : —

“ Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.
 No living man can send me to the shades
 Before my time ; no man of woman born,
 Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
 25 But go thou home and tend thy labors there, —
 The web, the distaff, — and command thy maids
 To speed the work. The cares of war pertain

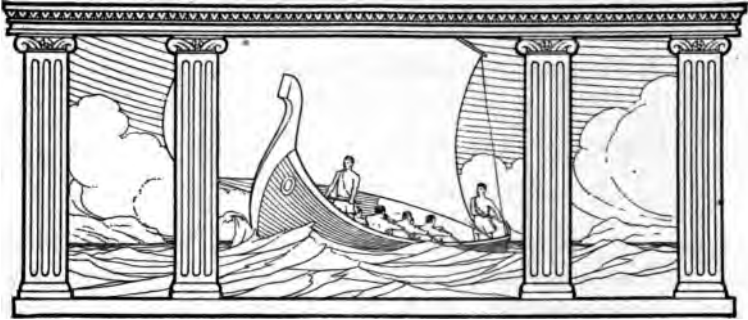
To all men born in Troy, and most to me."

Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again
His helmet, shadowed with the horsehair plume,
While homeward his beloved consort went,
Oft looking back and shedding many tears.

5

Hector: son of Priam, king of Troy. — **Andromache** (än dröm'a kě): the wife of Hector. — **Odyssey** (öd'is sÿ): the story of Odysseus (ō dīs'ūs), or Ulysses, a wise leader of the Greeks. — **Achilles** (ä kıl'ēs) and **Agamemnon** (äg ə mēm'nōn): two of the Greek warriors. — **Troy**: an ancient city of Asia Minor. — **an appeal to Minerva**: the whole story of the *Iliad* turns upon the intervention of the gods in human affairs. Minerva was the goddess of wisdom and of war. — **Scamandrius** (scă măn'drĭ ūs), or **Asty-anax**: the son of Hector. — **to go down to earth**: to die. — **Hecuba** (hěk'ū bā): the wife of Priam. — **mailed**: clad in armor. — **Argos** (är'gōs): a city of Greece near Thessaly. It was part of the region over which the father of Achilles was king. There was another and more famous Argos farther south. — **Messe'is and the Hyperian** (hĭp ē rĭ'an) **spring**: two springs in the neighborhood of the northern Argos. — **Jove**: the chief of the gods, also known as Zeus (zūs) and Jupiter. — **Ilium** (ĭlĭ ūm): the Greek name for Troy.





THE DEPARTURE OF TELEMACHUS

RETOLD FROM HOMER'S ODYSSEY

NOTE. The *Odyssey* tells of the adventures of Odysseus, or Ulysses, on his way home from the Trojan War, and of the search for him by his son Telemachus. Pallas Athene's pity has been stirred by the sufferings of Odysseus. Disguised as an elderly man, she goes to Ithaca and rouses his son to set forth in search of him. She finds the youth greatly distressed by the crowd of suitors who throng his mother's house, and who have succeeded in convincing him that his father will never return. Athene tells him that a ship is waiting for him if he will undertake the journey. In his heart Telemachus recognizes the goddess and consents to go.

10 The following lines are not a close translation, but a metrical abridgment of the opening of the story.

Now sank the sun and all the ways grew dark.
 Clear-eyed Athene moored the waiting ship
 Close by the harbor's mouth. Then sped she swift
 15 And, having lulled the suitors with sweet sleep,
 Thus spake she to discreet Telemachus:
 "Come, let us go. There is no time to waste.
 Your comrades all are ready at the oar."

She led the way and at the vessel's stern
 She took her seat, while many willing hands
 Bound the straight mast and tightened the white sail.

So through the night the black ship kept her way,
 The singing west wind ever at her heels, 5
 And when the sun once more had climbed the sky,
 They came to Pylos, Neleus' citadel,
 Where, grouped upon the shore, the townsfolk stood
 And offered up their bounteous sacrifice
 To lord Poseidon, ruler of the sea. 10

Then spake the clear-eyed goddess to the lad :
 "No shyness now ! The time for that is gone.
 Go straight to Nestor yonder ; there he sits.
 Ask him yourself to tell the simple truth
 For honesty and candor dwell in him." 15
 Then answered her discreet Telemachus :
 "How can I importune a great man thus ?
 Will he not think me overbold and rude ?
 In subtleties of speech I am not bred."
 "Fear not," the goddess said, "for you will find 20
 Some heaven-sent promptings when you come to speak."

So saying they set forth to meet their hosts
 Who welcomed them with eager, friendly hands,
 And gave them food and drink in courteous wise.
 This done the ancient Nestor thus began : 25

“Strangers, since now ye are with food refreshed,
 Where do ye come from? Whither do ye go?
 Are ye upon some urgent errand sent?
 Or do ye rove at pleasure o’er these seas?”

5 Then answered him discreet Telemachus:
 “O Nestor, son of Neleus, honored sage!
 From Ithaca we come some word to seek
 Of my lamented father, who, men say,
 Fought side by side with you in days gone by.
 10 For none can tell us where Odysseus died,
 Whether he was o’erwhelmed on land or sea.
 I beg you tell me freely what you know,
 Nor let your pity hide from me the truth.”

Then answered him the great Gerenian knight:
 15 “O youth, what woes we suffered in those days —
 Those years of fighting in the Trojan land!
 Yet still your royal father brought us through,
 And always in our thoughts we two agreed.
 But not in safety did all reach their homes,
 20 For bitter strife arose among us there.
 Half of the host held back and would not sail,
 I, with my ships, pressed onward, fearing ill.
 And so, dear lad, in ignorance I came,
 Having no news of those we left behind.
 25 Go, visit Menelaus. He may know,
 For he is lately come from distant lands

And from that vast and fearful unknown sea.
 Ask him yourself to tell the simple truth,
 For honesty and candor dwell in him."

When he had ceased Athene answered him :
 "O Sire, these words of yours are fitly said ; 5
 But now the fading day has turned to night
 And it is time that we should seek our rest."
 Then did Athene and the youthful prince
 Set off together for their hollow ship,
 But Nestor chided them reproachfully : 10
 "Am I a man who owns no goods nor gear?
 Have I not rugs and robes enough at home
 To make you warm and comfortable there?
 And shall the son of great Odysseus lie
 On a ship's deck, while I am housed in ease? 15

Then said the goddess to him graciously :
 "Well have you said, and surely it is meet
 That prince Telemachus should heed your words:
 He, then, will sleep to-night within your halls.
 But as for me I go to the black ship 20
 And tell my men their duties, for I am
 The only man of years among them all."

But even as she spake the goddess changed
 Her form, and they beheld a great sea bird
 Who passed into the night. Awe fell on all. 25

The old man marveled as he gazed, and cried,
 "It was none other than Athene's self!
 Dear child, you must not fail in strength of heart,
 Since at your age the gods become your guides."

Telem'achus : the son of Odysseus. — **Pallas Athene** (à thē'nē) : the goddess of wisdom ; Minerva. — **Ithaca** : a rocky island, the home of Odysseus. — **Pylos** (pī'lōs) : a city on the western coast of Greece, built by Neleus (nē'lūs), who was said to be the grandson of Poseidon (pō sī'dōn) or Neptune, the god of the ocean. — **Nestor** : the wise old counselor of the Greeks. — **Gere'nian** : a native of Gerenia, a Grecian city. — **Menela'us** : one of the Greek leaders. The Trojan War was fought because his wife Helen had been carried off by a Trojan prince. — **gear** : property.

TO A SKYLARK

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

5 Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 10 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

 Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
 15 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

THE BEGINNINGS OF TENNESSEE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (rōs'ē vēlt) was born in 1858 in New York City. As governor of his native state and as President he has proved himself a man of vigorous personality, high ideals, and a wide range of interests.

In 1769, the year that Boon first went to Kentucky, the first permanent settlers came to the banks of the Watauga, the settlement being merely an enlargement of one in Virginia. At first the settlers thought that they were still in the domain of Virginia, for at that time the line marking her southern boundary had not been run so far west. Indeed, had they not considered the land as belonging to Virginia they would probably not at the moment have dared to intrude farther on territory claimed by the Indians.

In 1771, one of the newcomers, who was a practical surveyor, discovered that the Watauga settlement came within the limits of North Carolina. Hitherto the settlers had supposed that they were governed by the Virginian law, and that their rights as against the Indians were guaranteed by the Virginian government; but this discovery threw them back upon their own resources. They suddenly found themselves obliged to organize a civil government under which they themselves should live, and at the same time to enter into a treaty on their

own account with the neighboring Indians, to whom the land they were on apparently belonged.

The first need was even more pressing than the second. North Carolina was a turbulent and disorderly colony, 5 unable to enforce law and justice even in the long-settled districts; so that it was wholly out of the question to appeal to her for aid in governing a remote and outlying community. Moreover, about the time the Watauga com-
monwealth was founded the troubles in North Carolina 10 came to a head. Open war ensued between the adherents of the royal governor, Tryon, on the one hand and the Regulators, as the insurgents styled themselves, on the other, the struggle ending with the overthrow of the Regulators at the battle of the Alamance.

15 As a consequence of these troubles many people from the back counties of North Carolina crossed the mountains and took up their abode among the Watauga pioneers. Among the first comers were many members of the class of desperate adventurers always to be found 20 hanging round the outskirts of frontier civilization. But the bulk of the settlers were men of sterling worth, fit to be the pioneer fathers of a mighty and beautiful state. They possessed the courage that enabled them to defy outside foes, together with the rough, practical common 25 sense that allowed them to establish a simple but effective form of government, so as to preserve order among themselves.

To succeed in the wilderness it was necessary to possess not only daring but also patience and the capacity to endure grinding toil. The pioneers were hunters and husbandmen. Each, by the aid of ax and brand, cleared his patch of corn land in the forest, close to some clear, swift-flowing stream, and by his skill with the rifle won from canebrake and woodland the game on which his family lived until the first crop was grown. 5

A few of the more reckless lived entirely by themselves, but as a rule each knot of settlers was gathered together into a little stockaded hamlet, called a fort or station. This system of defensive villages was distinctive of pioneer backwoods life and was unique of its kind; without it the settlement of the West and Southwest would have been indefinitely postponed. In no other way could the settlers have combined for defense, while yet retaining their individual ownership of the lands. The Watauga forts or palisaded villages were of the usual kind, the cabins and blockhouses connected by a heavy, loop-holed picket. They were admirably adapted for defense with the rifle, and they offered a haven of refuge to the settlers in case of an Indian inroad. In time of peace the inhabitants moved out, to live in their isolated log cabins and till the stump-dotted clearings. Trails led through the dark forests from one station to another, as well as to the settled districts beyond the mountains; and at long intervals men drove along them bands of 20

pack horses, laden with the few indispensable necessities the settlers could not procure by their own labor. The pack horse was the first, and for a long time the only, method of carrying on trade in the backwoods, and the
5 business of the packer was one of the leading frontier industries.

The pioneers worked hard and hunted hard and lived both plainly and roughly. Their cabins were roofed with clapboards or huge shingles, split from the log with maul
10 and wedge and held in place by heavy stones or by poles; the floors were made of puncheons, hewn smooth on one surface; the chimney was outside the hut, made of rock when possible, otherwise of logs thickly plastered with
15 the door was made of great clapboards. The men made their own harness, farming implements, and domestic utensils; and, as in every other community still living in the heroic age, the smith was a person of the utmost importance. There was but one thing that all could have in
20 any quantity, and that was land; each had all of this he wanted for the taking, or, if it was known to belong to the Indians, he got its use for a few trinkets or a flask of whisky. The corn shuckings, flax pullings, logrollings (when the felled timber was rolled off the clearings), house
25 raisings, and the like were scenes of boisterous and light-hearted merriment to which the whole neighborhood came, for it was accounted an insult if a man were not asked to

help on such occasions, and none but a base churl would refuse his assistance.

Such were the settlers of the Watauga, the founders of the commonwealth that grew into the state of Tennessee. They were the first Americans who, as a separate body, 5 moved into the wilderness to hew out dwellings for themselves and their children, trusting only to their own shrewd heads, stout hearts, and strong arms, unhelped and unhampered by the power nominally their sovereign. They built up a commonwealth which had many successors; they 10 showed that the frontiersmen could do their work unassisted; for they proved that they were made of stuff stern enough to hold its own against outside pressure of any sort. . . . The Watauga settlers outlined in advance the nation's work. They tamed the rugged and shaggy 15 wilderness, they bid defiance to outside foes, and they successfully solved the difficult problem of self-government.

Abridged from *The Winning of the West*

Boon : Daniel Boon (or Boone) was a Pennsylvania hunter whose zest for the wild life of the wilderness led to the settlement of Kentucky. — **Watauga** : a stream in eastern Tennessee which is a tributary of the Tennessee River. — **Al'amance** : a creek in North Carolina. The battle was fought in 1771. — **brand** : a blazing piece of wood. — **canebrake** : a thicket of canes or plants with long, smooth stems. — **stockaded** : protected by a stockade, or high wooden barrier. — **blockhouse** : a house fitted to serve as a fort. — **maul** : a heavy wooden hammer. — **puncheons** : split logs or heavy slabs of wood, smoothed on one side.

THE SURPRISE OF KASKASKIA

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOTE. One of the chief of the backwoodsmen was George Rogers Clark, a bold and ambitious leader, who had long planned the conquest of the country beyond the Ohio. It was occupied by warlike Indians, ancient French hamlets, and forts garrisoned by the British king. While the
5 Revolution was in progress, Clark determined to capture these British posts and conquer the French settlements, thus winning the whole territory for the new federal republic. With the approval of Patrick Henry, who was at that time governor of Virginia, Clark raised a small number of troops, about one hundred and fifty in all, and began his march.

10 On the evening of the Fourth of July, 1778, they reached the river Kaskaskia, within three miles of the town which lay on the farther bank. They kept in the shadow of the woods until it grew dusk, and then marched silently to a little farm a mile from the town. The fam-
15 ily were taken prisoners, and from them Clark learned that some days before, the townspeople had been alarmed at the rumor of a possible attack, but that their suspicions had been lulled and they were then off their guard.

Getting boats the American leader ferried his men
20 across the stream under cover of the darkness and in profound silence, the work occupying about two hours. He then approached Kaskaskia under cover of the night, dividing his force into two divisions, one being spread out to surround the town so that none might escape,
25 while he himself led the other up to the walls of the fort.

Inside the fort the lights were lit, and through the windows came the sound of violins. The officers of the post had given a ball, and the mirth-loving young men and girls were dancing within, while the sentinels had left their posts. One of his captives showed Clark a postern 5 gate by the riverside, and through this he entered the fort, having placed his men round about at the entrance.



Advancing to the great hall where the revel was held, he leaned silently with folded arms against the doorpost, looking at the dancers. An Indian, lying on the floor of 10 the entry, gazed intently on the stranger's face, as the light from the torches within flickered across it, and suddenly sprang to his feet uttering the unearthly war whoop. Instantly the dancing ceased; the women screamed, while the men ran toward the door. But Clark, standing 15 unmoved and with unchanged face, grimly bade them

continue their dancing, but to remember that they now danced under Virginia and not Great Britain. At the same time his men burst into the fort and seized the French officers.

5 Immediately Clark had every street secured, and sent runners through the town, ordering the people to keep close to their houses on pain of death; and by daylight he had them all disarmed. The backwoodsmen patrolled the town in little squads, while the French in silent terror
10 cowered within their low-roofed houses. Clark was quite willing that they should fear the worst, and their panic was very great. The mysterious approach and sudden onslaught of the backwoodsmen, their wild and uncouth appearance, and the ominous silence of their commander,
15 all combined to fill the French with fearful forebodings for their future fate.

Next morning a deputation of the chief men waited upon Clark, and, thinking themselves in the hands of mere brutal barbarians, all they dared to do was to beg
20 for their lives. Now came Clark's chance for his winning stroke. He knew it was hopeless to expect his little band permanently to hold down a much more numerous hostile population; he wished above all things to convert the inhabitants into ardent adherents of the American
25 government.

So he explained at length that though the Americans came as conquerors, yet it was ever their principle to free,

not to enslave, the people with whom they came in contact. If the French chose to become loyal citizens and to take the oath of fidelity to the republic, they should be welcomed to all the privileges of Americans; those who did not so choose should be allowed to depart from the land in peace with their families. 5

The mercurial creoles who listened to his speech passed rapidly from the depth of despair to the height of joy. Instead of bewailing their fate, they could not congratulate themselves enough upon their good fortune, and returned in noisy joy to their families. 10

Clark now found himself in a position of the utmost difficulty. With a handful of unruly backwoodsmen, kept under control only by his personal influence, he had to protect and govern a region as large as any European kingdom. Moreover, he had to keep content and loyal a population of alien race, creed, and language, while he held his own against the British and against numerous tribes of bloodthirsty and treacherous Indians. It may be doubted if there was another man in the West who possessed the daring and resolution, the tact, energy, and executive ability necessary for the solution of so knotty a series of problems. 20

From *The Winning of the West*

Clark : a Kentucky pioneer who belongs among the nation's heroes. — **Kaskas'kia** : a river and town in Illinois. — **postern** (pōs'tērn) **gate** : a small gate in the rear of a building or enclosure. — **mercu'rial** : changeable. — **creoles** : descendants of French settlers. — **held his own** : held his ground.

THE SIRENS

TRANSLATED FROM HOMER BY GEORGE H. PALMER

GEORGE HERBERT PALMER is a well-known American scholar. The free rhythm of his translation is a valuable aid in conveying to the mind the spirit of Homer.

NOTE. Odysseus is telling of his adventures on his journey home from
5 Troy. The great sorceress, Circe, having discovered that she cannot beguile the mind of the wise Greek leader, decides to help him.

“Even as she spoke, the gold-throned morning came,
and up the island the heavenly goddess went her way;
I turned me toward my ship, and called my crew to come
10 on board and loose the cables. Quickly they came, took
places at the pins, and sitting in order smote the foaming
water with their oars. And for our aid behind our dark-
bowed ship came a fair wind to fill our sail, a welcome
comrade, sent us by fair-haired Circe, the mighty goddess,
15 human of speech. When we had done our work at the
several ropes about the ship, we sat us down, while wind
and helmsman kept her steady.

“Now to my men, with aching heart, I said: ‘My
friends, it is not right for only one or two to know the
20 oracles which Circe told, that heavenly goddess. There-
fore I speak, that, knowing all, we so may die, or fleeing
death and doom, we may escape. She warns us first
against the marvelous Sirens, and bids us flee their voice
and flowery meadow. Only myself she bade to hear their

song; but bind me with galling cords, to hold me firm, upright upon the mast-block, — round it let the rope be wound. And if I should entreat you, and bid you set me free, thereat with still more fetters bind me fast.’

“Thus I, relating all my tale, talked with my comrades. 5
Meanwhile our stanch ship swiftly neared the Sirens’ island; a fair wind swept her on. On a sudden the wind ceased; there came a breathless calm; Heaven hushed the waves. My comrades, rising, furled the sail, stowed it on board the hollow ship, then sitting at their oars 10 whitened the water with the polished blades. But I with my sharp sword cut a great cake of wax into small bits, which I then kneaded in my sturdy hands. Soon the wax warmed, forced by the powerful pressure and by the rays of the exalted Sun, the lord of all. Then one by one I 15 stopped the ears of all my crew; and on the deck they bound me hand and foot, upright upon the mast-block, round which they wound the rope; and sitting down they smote the foaming water with their oars. But when we were as far away as one can call and driving swiftly 20 onward, our speeding ship, as it drew near, did not escape the Sirens, and thus they lifted up their penetrating voice:

“‘Come hither, come, Odysseus, whom all praise, great glory of the Achæans! Bring in your ship and listen to 25 our song. For none has ever passed us in a black-hulled ship till from our lips he heard ecstatic song, then went

his way rejoicing and with larger knowledge. For we know all that on the plain of Troy Argives and Trojans suffered at the gods' behest; we know whatever happens on the bounteous earth.'

- 5 "So spoke they, sending forth their glorious song, and my heart longed to listen. Knitting my brows, I signed my men to set me free; but bending forward, on they rowed. And straightway Perimedes and Eurylochus arose and laid upon me still more cords and drew them tighter. 10 Then, after passing by, when we could hear no more the Sirens' voice nor any singing, quickly my trusty crew removed the wax with which I stopped their ears, and set me free from bondage."

Circe (sēr'sē), **the heavenly goddess** : Circe was an enchantress, from whose devices Odysseus himself had hardly escaped. She consented, however, at his urgent prayer, to speed him on his way. — **oracles** : wise sayings, difficult to understand. — **the Sirens** : three sea-nymphs whose home was on a small island near Sicily. They enticed sailors ashore by their singing, and then killed them. — **Achæans** (ă kē'ans) : the Greeks. — **Argives** (ăr'jivz) : the most powerful of the Greek tribes; hence, a name often used for the Greeks in general. — **Perimedes** (pēr i mē'dēz) and **Eurylochus** (ū rī'lō kūs) : two of Odysseus' companions.



THE FLAG

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

DENIS A. MCCARTHY is a poet of Irish birth who is a loyal and patriotic American.

NOTE. The following are the closing stanzas of a poem which kindles devotion to high ideals of citizenship.

Symbol of hope to me and to mine and to all who aspire
 to be free, 5
 Ever your golden stars may shine from the east to the
 western sea ;
 Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your stripes
 may gleam,
 To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater deeds
 that we dream.

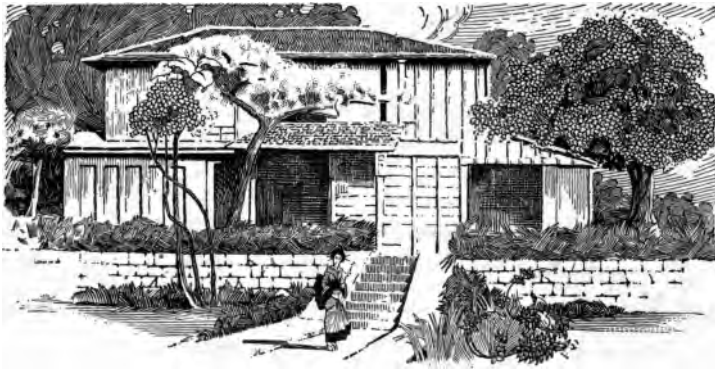
Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the
 tried and true ;
 Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your stars 10
 in a field of blue ;
 Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over
 which you fly,
 And, native or foreign, we love the land for which it were
 sweet to die.

A JAPANESE VILLAGE

ISABELLA L. BIRD

Mrs. ISABELLA L. BIRD BISHOP was an English writer and philanthropist who spent much time in foreign countries and published several entertaining volumes of travel. The following pages are from a collection of her letters written in Japan. Mrs. Bishop died in 1904 at the age
5 of seventy-two.

The village consists of about three hundred houses built along three roads. Down the middle of each road runs a rapid stream in a stone channel, and this gives endless



amusement to the children, especially to the boys, who
10 devise many ingenious models and mechanical toys, which are put in motion by water wheels.

My home is a Japanese idyl; there is nothing within or without that does not please the eye, and its silence, musical with the dash of water and the twitter of birds,

is refreshing. It is a simple but irregular two-storied pavilion, standing on a stone-faced terrace, approached by a flight of stone steps. The garden is well laid out, and as peonies and azaleas are now in bloom, it is very bright. The gray village lies on the other side of the 5 road, and beyond it are high, unbroken hills.

The mistress of the house met me at the door and divested me of my boots. The two verandas are highly polished, so are the stairs which lead to my room, and the mats are so fine and white that I almost fear to walk 10 on them, even in my stockings. The whole front of my house is composed of sliding windows with panes of translucent paper instead of glass. The ceiling is of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood. The panels are of wrinkled sky-blue paper splashed with gold. At one end are two 15 alcoves with floors of polished wood. In one hangs a painting on white silk of a blossoming branch of a cherry — a perfect piece of art which fills the room with freshness and beauty. A spray of azalea in a pure white vase and a single iris in another are the only decorations. The 20 mats are very fine and white ; the sole piece of furniture is a folding screen. I almost wish that the rooms were a little less exquisite, for I am in constant dread of spilling the ink or tearing the paper windows.

Supper came up on a *zen*, or small table, six inches high, 25 of old gold lacquer, with the rice in a lacquer bowl, and a teapot and cup of fine porcelain. The Japanese are great

tea epicures, and the best tea, drunk by those who can afford it, costs thirteen shillings a pound. The water used for tea making is not allowed to boil and must rest barely a minute on the leaves.

5 The people here rise at daylight, fold up the wadded quilts on and under which they have slept, and put them away with the wooden pillows (much like stereoscopes in shape, with rolls of paper or wadding on the top), sweep the mats carefully, dust all the woodwork and the veran-
10 das, open the sliding wooden shutters which box in the whole house at night, and throw back the paper windows.

At seven in the morning a drum beats to summon the children to school. The school apparatus is very good, and there are fine maps on the walls; but the children looked
15 very uncomfortable sitting on high benches in front of desks instead of squatting, native fashion. The teacher made very free use of the blackboard and questioned his pupils with much rapidity. The best answer moved its giver to the head of the class as with us. Obedience is
20 the foundation of the Japanese social order, and the teacher has no trouble in securing quietness, attention, and docility. There was an almost painful earnestness in the faces which pored over the schoolbooks; even such a rare event as the entrance of a foreigner failed to distract
25 the students.

I am very fond of Japanese children. I have never yet heard a baby cry and I have never seen a child troublesome

or disobedient. Filial piety is the leading virtue in Japan, and unquestioning obedience is the habit of centuries. I admire the way in which children are taught to be independent in their amusements. Part of the home education is the learning of the rules of the different 5 games, which are absolute. When there is a doubt, instead of a quarrelsome suspension of the game the decision of a senior child settles the matter. I usually carry sweetmeats with me and give them to the children, but not one has ever received them without first obtaining per- 10 mission from the father or mother. When that is gained they smile and bow profoundly, and offer the sweetmeats to those present before eating any themselves. . . .

This afternoon has been fine and windy, and the boys have been flying kites made of tough paper on a bamboo 15 frame, all of a rectangular shape, some of them five feet square, and nearly all decorated with huge faces of historical heroes. Some of them have a humming arrangement of whalebone. There was an interesting contest between two great kites, and it brought out the whole population. 20 The string of each kite for thirty feet or more below the frame was covered with pounded glass, and for two hours each kite-fighter tried to get his kite into a proper position for sawing his opponent's string in two. At last one was successful and the severed kite became his property, 25 upon which victor and vanquished exchanged three low bows. The boys also flew their kites while walking on

stilts, a most dexterous performance in which few were able to take part.

After dark the children play at another favorite game in the house. They sit in a circle and the older people
 5 look on eagerly. This game of Alphabet Cards is played with small cards, each containing a proverb or a picture. The cards are dealt to all the players in turn and the children appoint one of their number to be the reader. He reads a proverb from his cards and the player who
 10 has the picture illustrating it calls out. The one who first gets rid of his cards is the winner. The game was played with great animation and rapidity, but with the most amusing courtesy. I send translations of some of the proverbs. Is it not strange to find the same ideas
 15 gathered up into similar forms in Japan as in England, and cast in these forms at a date when our ancestors were clothed in paint and skins? "Speak of a man and his shadow appears." "A tongue of three inches can kill a man of six feet." "The putting-off man sharpens his
 20 arrows when he sees the lion." "Disease enters by the mouth." "The doctor can't cure himself." "There are thorns on all roses." "Thine own heart makes the world."

idyl: a poem, especially on a rural subject, written in a delicate and refined style. — **epicure**: one whose taste in eating or drinking has been cultivated. — **thirteen shillings**: three dollars and twelve cents. — **squatting**: the Oriental fashion of sitting, not on raised chairs, but on the heels with the knees touching the floor.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE

CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823) was an Irish clergyman and poet whose lyrics are of great beauty.

NOTE. In 1808 the Spanish people rebelled against the tyranny of Napoleon, emperor of the French, and England sent an army to their aid. The English troops met with heavy losses, and their leader, Sir John 5 Moore, was beating a hasty retreat to the sea, when the French overtook him and he was forced to fight. The French were defeated at every point, but Sir John was killed in the very moment of victory. His body was buried in a garden of the Spanish seaport Coruña before the troops embarked for England. 10

The following poem is considered one of the finest productions of its kind in the English language.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot 15
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning. 20

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5 We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
 10 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
 But little he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 15 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
 20 But we left him alone with his glory.

Coruña (kô rōōn'yä): a fortified city of Spain. — **reck**: care; be disturbed. We frequently use the word *reckless*, which, however, has come to mean "extremely careless" and even "desperate."

PHœNICIA

WILLIAM WINWOOD READE

WILLIAM WINWOOD READE (1839-1875) was an English author and traveler.

There was a time when the waters of the Mediterranean were silent and bare ; when nothing disturbed the solitude of that blue and tideless sea but the weed which floated 5 on its surface and the gull which touched it with its wing.

A tribe of the Canaanites, or people of the plain, driven hard by their foes, fled over the Lebanon mountains and took possession of a narrow strip of land, shut off by itself between the mountains and the sea. 10

The agricultural resources of the little country were soon outgrown, and the Phœnicians were forced to gather a harvest from the water. They invented the fishing line and net ; and when the fish could no longer be caught from the shore, they had to follow them out to sea or 15 starve. They hollowed trunks of trees with ax and fire into canoes ; they bound logs of wood together to form a raft, with a bush stuck in it for a sail. The Lebanon mountains supplied them with timber ; in time they discovered how to make boats with keels, and to sheathe 20 them with copper, which they found also in their mountains. From those heights of Lebanon the island of Cyprus could plainly be seen, and the current assisted them across.

They colonized the island; it supplied them with pitch, timber, copper, and hemp, — everything that was required in the architecture of a ship. With smacks and cutters they followed the tunny fish in their migrations; they discovered villages on other coasts, pillaged them, and carried off their inhabitants as slaves. Some of these, when they had learned the language, offered to pay a ransom for release; the arrangement was accomplished under oath, and presents as tokens of good will were afterwards exchanged.

10 Each party was pleased to obtain something which his own country did not produce, and thus arose a system of barter and exchange.

The Phœnicians from fishermen became pirates, and from pirates, traders; from simple traders they became also

15 manufacturers. Purple was always the fashionable color in the East, and they discovered two kinds of shellfish which yielded a handsome dye. One species was found on rocks, the other under water. When the supply of these shellfish on their own coast was exhausted, they obtained them

20 from foreign coasts, and as the shell yielded but a small quantity of fluid and was inconvenient to transport, they preferred to extract the dyeing material on the spot where the shells were found. This led to the establishment of factories, and permanent settlements were made.

25 Obtaining wool from the Arabs and other shepherd tribes, the Phœnicians manufactured woven goods and dyed them with such skill that they found a ready market

in Babylonia and Egypt. In this manner they purchased from those countries the produce and manufactures of the East, and these they sold at a great profit to the inhabitants of Europe.

When they sailed along the shores of that savage continent and came to a place where they intended to trade, they lighted a fire to attract the natives, pitched tents on shore, and held a fair, exhibiting in their bazaar the toys and trinkets manufactured at Tyre for this purpose, with purple robes and works of art in tinted ivory and gold for those who, like the Greeks, were more advanced. But in the best trading localities the factory system prevailed, and their establishments were planted in the Grecian Archipelago and in Greece itself, on the marshy shores of the Black Sea, in Italy, Sicily, Africa, and Spain.

Then, becoming bolder and more skillful, they would no longer be imprisoned within their landlocked sea. They sailed out through the Strait of Gibraltar and beheld the awful phenomenon of tides. They sailed on the left hand to Morocco for ivory and gold dust, on the right hand for amber and tin to the ice creeks of the Baltic and the foaming waters of the British Isles. They also opened up an inland trade. They were the first to overcome the exclusiveness of Egypt and were permitted to settle in Memphis itself. Their caravan routes extended in every direction toward the treasure countries of the East. Wandering Arabs were their sailors, and camels

were their ships. They made voyages by sand, more dangerous than those by sea, to Babylon, to Arabia Felix, and to the rainless shores of the Persian Gulf.

Phœnicia itself was a narrow, undulating plain about a
 5 hundred miles in length and at the most not more than a morning's ride in breadth. It was walled in by the mountains on the north and east. To those who sailed along the coast it appeared to be one great city interspersed with gardens and fields. On the lower slopes of the hills
 10 beyond gleamed the green vineyard patches and the villas of the merchants. The offing was whitened with sails, and in every harbor was a grove of masts. But it was Tyre which of all the cities was the queen. It covered an island off the shore, and the Greek poet Nonnus has
 15 thus described the mingling around it of the sylvan and marine: "The sailor furrows the sea with his oar, and the plowman the soil; the lowing of oxen and the singing of birds answer the deep roar of the main; the wood nymph under the tall trees hears the voice of the sea
 20 nymph calling to her from the waves; the breeze from the Lebanon, while it cools the rustic at his midday labor, speeds the mariner who is outward bound."

These Canaanitish men are fairly entitled to our gratitude and esteem, for they taught our ancestors to read
 25 and write. That the alphabet was invented by the Phœnicians is improbable in the extreme; but it is certain that they introduced it into Europe. They were intent

only on making money, it is true; they were not a literary or an artistic people; they spread knowledge by accident, like birds dropping seeds. But they were gallant, hardy, enterprising men. Those were true heroes who first sailed through the sea valley of Gibraltar into the vast ocean and breasted its enormous waves. Their unceasing activity kept the world alive. They offered to every country something which it did not possess. They roused the savage Britain with a rag of scarlet cloth. They brought to the satiated Indian prince the wines of Syria and the Grecian isles in goblets of exquisitely painted glass. From the amber gatherers of the Baltic mud to the nutmeg growers of the equatorial groves, from the mulberry plantations of the Celestial empire to the tin mines of Cornwall and the silver mines of Spain, emulation was excited, new wants were created, whole nations were stimulated to industry by the Phœnicians.

Phœnicia (fê nîsh'ā): once a famous country of the East, lying along the Mediterranean Sea. — **Canaanites** (kā'nānīts): Semitic tribes inhabiting Palestine and Syria. The date of their settlement of Phœnicia is hidden in the mists of the earliest history. — **smacks and cutters**: small sailing vessels. — **tunny fish**: large fish of the mackerel family. — **Memphis**: the ancient imperial city of Egypt. — **Arabia Felix**: the southern portion of the Arabian peninsula. — **Tyre**: a famous city of antiquity. It was settled previous to the thirteenth century B.C. and was at the height of its power in the time of Solomon, king of Israel. — **sylvan**: relating to woods. — **gallant**: brave. When accented on the last syllable the adjective means "courteous to ladies." — **amber**: the pale yellow, translucent resin of extinct trees, used in making beads, etc. — **mulberry plantations**: the nursery of the silkworm. — **Celestial empire**: China.

SAMSON

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674) is second only to Shakespeare in the great names of English literature. His prose is scarcely less famous than his sonorous verse. *Paradise Lost* is his longest and most ambitious poem, in which his whole genius found expression. “We find in it the noblest
5 example which our literature affords of the majesty of classic form.”

NOTE. The following lines are from *Samson Agonistes* (ăg ō nīs'tēz). Samson, a hero of old Hebrew tradition, was taken captive by his enemies, the Philistines, who put out his eyes and kept him in chains. His prodigious strength enabled him to work his revenge. For the whole story
10 see Judges xvi. 4–30.

(*A Hebrew Messenger speaks*)

Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,
15 When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.

I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
20 The building was a spacious theater,
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng

On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand :
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
 Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
 When to their sports they turned. Immediately 5
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad : before him pipes
 And timbrels ; on each side went armèd guards ;
 Both horse and foot before him and behind,
 Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and spears. 10

At sight of him the people with a shout
 Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
 Came to the place ; and what was set before him, 15
 Which without help of eye might be assayed,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
 All with incredible, stupendous force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.

At length, for intermission sake, they led him 20
 Between the pillars ; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
 As over-tired, to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
 That to the archèd roof gave main support. 25
 He, unsuspecting, led him ; which when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,

And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved :



At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud : —
“Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
5 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,

Not without wonder or delight beheld;
 Now, of my own accord, such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength yet greater
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ; 5
 As with the force of winds and waters pent
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder 10
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast. 15
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;
 The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

occasions : errands. — **high** : chief. — **dispatched** : accomplished. — **minded** : decided. — **vaulted** : arched. — **of sort** : of quality. — **sacrifice** : sacrifices were often offered by drinking wine. — **pipes and timbrels** : rude musical instruments like fifes and tambourines. — **horse and foot** : horsemen and footmen. — **cataphracts** : horsemen covered with armor. — **ripped** : tore asunder ; we have a similar phrase in *shouts rent the air*. — **thrall** : slave. — **without help of eye** : Samson had been blinded by his captors. — **which** : the pillars. — **as reason was** : with good reason. — **beheld** : I have been beheld. — **amaze** : amazement ; stupefaction. — **pent** : confined, held in. — **with these immixed** : in the midst of these. — **the vulgar** : the common people. This was the original meaning of the word.

COMETS

ROBERT STAWELL BALL

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL is a well-known astronomer. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1840.

The planets are all massive globes, more or less flattened at the poles; but now we have to talk about a
5 multitude of objects of the most irregular shapes and of the most flimsy description. We call them "comets," and they exist in such numbers that an old astronomer has said there are "more comets in the sky than fishes in the sea," though I think we cannot quite believe him.
10 There is also another wide difference between planets and comets: planets move round in nearly circular ellipses, and not only do we know where a planet is to-night, but we know where it was a month ago, or a hundred years ago, or where it will be in a hundred years or a thousand
15 years to come.

All such movements are conducted with conspicuous regularity and order; but now we are to speak of bodies which generally come in upon us in the most uncertain and irregular fashion. They visit us we hardly know whence,
20 except that it is from outer space, and they are adorned in a glittering raiment, almost spiritual in its texture. They are always changing their appearance in a baffling but still very fascinating manner. If an artist tries to draw a

comet, he will have hardly finished his picture of it in one charming robe before he finds it arrayed in another. The astronomer has also his complaints to make against the comets. I have told you how thoroughly we can rely on the movements of the planets, but comets often play sad 5 pranks with our calculations. They sometimes take the astronomers by surprise and blaze out with their long tails just when we do not expect them. Then, by way of compensation, they frequently disappoint us by not appearing when they have been most anxiously looked for. 10

After a voyage through space the comet at length begins to draw in toward the central parts of our system, and as it approaches the sun its pace becomes gradually greater and greater; in fact, as the body sweeps round the sun the speed is sometimes twenty thousand times 15 faster than that of an express train. It is sometimes more than a thousand times as fast as the swiftest of rifle bullets, occasionally attaining the rate of two hundred miles a second. The closer the comet goes to the sun, the faster it moves; and a case has been known in which a comet, 20 after coming in for an incalculable duration of time toward the sun, has acquired a speed so tremendous that in two hours it has whirled round the sun and has commenced to return to the depths of outer space. This terrific outburst of speed does not last long. It diminishes to ten thousand 25 times that of our express trains, to fifty times, to ten times that pace, while in the outermost part of its path the

comet seems to creep along so slowly that we might think it had been fatigued by its previous exertions.

When a comet appears, it is always a matter of interest to see whether it is an entirely new object, or whether it
5 may not be only another return of a comet which has paid us one or more previous visits. The question then arises as to how they are to be identified. Here we see a wide contrast between unsubstantial bodies like comets, and the weighty and stately planets. Sketches of the various
10 planets or of the face of the sun, though they might show slight differences from time to time, are still always sufficiently characteristic, just as a photographic portrait will identify the individual, even though the lapse of years will bring some changes in his appearance. But the
15 drawing of a comet is almost useless for identification. You might as well try to identify a cloud or a puff of smoke by making a picture of it. Make a drawing of a comet at one appearance and sketch particularly the ample tail with which it is provided. The next time the
20 comet comes round it may very possibly have two tails, or possibly no tail at all. We are therefore unable to place any reliance on the comet's personal appearance in our efforts to identify it. The highway which it follows through the sky affords the only means of recognition ;
25 for the comet, if undisturbed by other objects, will never change its actual orbit. But even this method of identification often fails, for it not unfrequently happens

that during its erratic movements the comet gets into trouble with other heavenly bodies. In such cases the poor comet is sometimes driven so completely out of its road that it has to make for itself an entirely new path, and our efforts to identify it are plunged in confusion. 5 It has happened that a second comet or even a third will be found in nearly the same track, but whether these are wholly different, or whether they are merely parts of the same original object, it is often impossible to determine. 10

The great majority of comets are only to be seen with a telescope, and hardly a year passes without the detection of at least a few of these faint objects. The number of really brilliant comets that can be seen in a lifetime could, however, be counted on the fingers. 15

More than two hundred years ago there lived a great astronomer named Halley, and in the year 1682 he, like every one else, was looking with admiration at a splendid comet with a magnificent tail which adorned the sky. At the observatories, of course, they diligently set down the 20 positions of the comet, which they ascertained by carefully measuring it with telescopes. Halley first calculated the highway which this comet followed through the heavens, and then he looked at the list of old comets that had been seen before. He thus found that in 1607 25 (that was seventy-five years earlier) a great comet had also appeared, the path of which seemed much the same

as that which he found for the body that he had himself observed. This was a remarkable fact, and it became still more significant when he discovered that seventy-six years earlier, namely, in 1531, another great comet had been
 5 recorded, which moved in a path also agreeing with those of 1607 and 1682. It then occurred to Halley that possibly these were not three different objects, but only different exhibitions of one and the same, which moved round in the period of seventy-five or seventy-six years.

10 There is a test which an astronomer can often apply in the proof of his theory, and it is a very severe test. Halley ventured to submit his reputation to this ordeal. He prophesied that the comet would appear again in another seventy-five or seventy-six years. He knew that he should
 15 of course be dead long before 1758 should arrive; but when he ventured to make the prediction, he said that he hoped posterity would not refuse to admit that this discovery had been made by an Englishman.

You can easily imagine that as 1758 drew near great
 20 interest was excited among astronomers, to see if the prediction of Halley would be fulfilled. We are accustomed in these days to find many astronomical events foretold with the same sort of accuracy that we expect to find in railway time-tables. Even now, however, we are not able
 25 to set forth our time-tables for comets with the same confidence that we show when issuing them for the sun, the moon, or the stars. How astonishing, then, must Halley's

prediction have seemed! Here was a vast comet which had to make a voyage through space to the extent of many hundreds of millions of miles. For three quarters of a century it would be utterly invisible in the greatest telescopes, and the only way in which it could be perceived 5 was by figures and calculations which enabled the mind's eye to follow the hidden body all around its mysterious track.

For fifty, or sixty, or seventy years nothing had been seen of the comet, nor, indeed, was anything expected to be seen of it; but as seventy-one, and seventy-two, and 10 seventy-three years passed, it was felt that the wanderer, though still unseen, must be rapidly drawing near. The problem was made more difficult for those skillful mathematicians who essayed to calculate it, by the fact that the comet approached the thoroughfares where the 15 planets circulate, and, of course, the flimsy object would be pulled hither and thither out of its path by the attractions of the weighty bodies. Clairaut, who devoted himself to this problem, suggested that there might also be some disturbances from other causes of which he did not 20 know, and that consequently the expected return of the comet might be a month wrong either way. Great indeed was the admiration in astronomical circles when, true to prediction, the comet blazed upon the world within the limits of time Clairaut had specified. 25

Generally speaking, great comets come to us once and then are never seen again. Such bodies do not move in

closed ovals or ellipses ; they follow another kind of curve. It is one that every boy ought to know. In fact, in one of his earliest accomplishments he learned how to make a parabola. It is true he did not call it by any name so
 5 fine as this, but every time a ball is thrown into the air it describes a part of the beautiful curve which geometers know by this word. In fact, you could not throw a ball so that it should describe any other curve than a parabola. No boy could throw a stone in a truly horizontal line. It
 10 will always curve down a little,—will always, in fact, be a portion of a parabola.

But the grandest of all parabolas are those which the comets pursue. Unlike the ellipse, the parabola is an open curve ; it has two branches stretching away and away for-
 15 ever, and always getting farther apart.

The shape of this grand curve will explain why so many comets only appear to us once. It is quite clear that if you begin to run round a closed race course, you may, if you continue your career long enough, pass and
 20 repass the starting post thousands of times. Thus comets which move in ellipses, and are consequently tracing closed curves, will pass the earth times without number. But suppose you are traveling along a road which, no matter how it may turn, never leads again into itself,
 25 then it is quite plain that, even if you continue your journey forever, you can never twice pass the same house on the roadside.

The orbits of most of the comets are parabolas which bend round the sun; and, generally speaking, the sun is very close to the turning point. The earth is also, comparatively speaking, close to the sun; so that while the comet is in that neighborhood we can sometimes see it. 5 We do not see the comet for a long time before it approaches the sun, nor for a long time after it has passed the sun. All we know, therefore, of its journey is that the two ends of the parabola stretch on and on forever into space. 10

Why one of these mysterious wanderers should approach in such a hurry, and why it should then fly back again, can be partially explained without the aid of mathematics.

Let us suppose that, at a distance of thousands of 15 millions of miles, there floats a mass of flimsy material resembling that from which comets are made. Notwithstanding its vast distance from the sun, the attraction of that great body will extend thither. It is true that the pull of the sun on the comet will be of the feeblest and 20 slightest description, on account of the enormously great distance. Still the comet will respond in some degree, and will commence gradually to move in the direction in which the sun invites it. Perhaps centuries, or perhaps thousands, or even tens of thousands, of years will elapse 25 before the object has gained the solar system. By that time its speed will be augmented to such a degree that,

after a terrific whirl around the sun, it will at once fly off again along the other branch of the parabola. Perhaps you will wonder why it does not tumble straight into the sun. It would do so, no doubt, if it started at first from
 5 a position of rest ; generally, however, the comet has a motion to begin with, which would not be directed exactly to the luminary. This it is which causes the comet to miss actually hitting the sun.

It may also be difficult to understand why the sun does
 10 not keep the comet when at last it has arrived. Why should the wandering body be in such a hurry to recede ? Surely it might be expected that the attraction of the sun ought to hold it. If something were to check the pace of the comet in its terrific dash round the sun, then, no
 15 doubt, the object would simply tumble down into the sun and be lost. The sun has, however, not time to pull in the comet when it comes up with a speed twenty thousand times that of an express train. But the sun does succeed in altering the *direction* of the motion of the comet, and
 20 the attraction has shown itself in that way.

A comet is made of very unsubstantial material. This we can show in a very interesting manner when we see it moving over the sky between the earth and the stars. Sometimes a comet will pass over a cluster of very small
 25 stars, so faint that the very lightest cloud that is ever in the sky would be quite sufficient to hide them. Yet the stars are distinctly visible right through the comet,

notwithstanding that it may be hundreds of thousands of miles thick. This shows us how excessively flimsy is the substance of a comet, for while a few feet of haze or mist suffice to extinguish the brightest of stars, this immense curtain of comet stuff, whatever it may be made of, is 5 practically transparent.

Comets have such a capricious habit of dashing into the solar system at any time and from any direction, that it is worth while asking whether a comet might not sometimes happen to come into collision with the earth. There 10 is nothing impossible in such an occurrence. There is, however, no reason to apprehend that any disastrous consequences would ensue to the earth. Man has lived on this globe for many, many thousands of years, and the rocks are full of the remains of fossil animals which have 15 flourished during past ages; indeed, we cannot possibly estimate the number of millions of years that have elapsed since living things first crawled about this globe. There has never been any complete break in the succession of life; consequently during all those millions of years we are 20 certain that there has happened to the earth no such dire calamity as a frightful collision would have produced, and we need not apprehend any such catastrophe in the future.

I do not mean, however, that harmless collisions with comets may not have occasionally happened; in fact, 25 there is good reason for knowing that they have actually taken place. In the year 1861 we had a novel experience:

On a Sunday evening in midsummer of that year we dashed into a comet, or it dashed into us. We were not, it is true, in collision with its densest part; it was rather the end of the tail which we encountered. There
5 were, fortunately, no very serious results. Indeed, most of us never knew that anything had happened, and the rest only learned of the accident after it was all over.

We have so often seen a stream of sparks stretching out along the track of a skyrocket that we might natu-
10 rally suppose that the tail of a comet streamed out along its path in a similar manner. This would be quite wrong. The tail does not lie along the comet's path, but is always directed outwards from the sun. It is also noticeable that the tail of a comet, as it approaches the sun, seems to grow
15 in length. When the comet is first seen, the tail is often a very insignificant affair, but it shoots out with enormous rapidity until it becomes many millions of miles long. These glories soon begin to wane as the comet flies outward; the tail gradually vanishes, and the wanderer re-
20 treats again to the depths of space in the same undecorated condition as that in which it first approached. In fact, the tail is merely a stream of vaporous particles, dashing away from the sun as if the heat which had called them into being was a torment from which they were
25 endeavoring to escape.

The tail of a comet is, therefore, not a permanent part of the body. It is more like the smoke from a great chimney.

The smoke is being incessantly renewed at one end as the column gets dispersed into the air at the other. As the comet retreats, the sun's heat loses its power. In the chills of space there is, therefore, no tail making in progress, while the small mass of the comet renders it unable to 5 gather back again by its attraction the materials which have been expelled. Should it happen that the comet moves in an elliptic orbit, it will, of course, endeavor to manufacture a tail each time that it approaches the source of heat. The quantity of material available for the for- 10 mation of tails is limited to the amount with which the comet originally started; no fresh supply can be added. If, therefore, the comet expends a portion of this every time it comes round, at each successive return the tails produced must generally decline in size and magnificence, 15 until at last the necessary materials have been all squandered, and we have the pitiful spectacle of a comet without any tail at all.

Clairaut (klě rō'): an eminent French mathematician. — **geom'eter**: a student of geometry; a mathematician.

We may be sure (although we know not why) that we give our lives like coral insects, to build up insensibly, in 20 the twilight of the seas of time, the reef of righteousness. And we may be sure (although we see not how) that it is a thing worth doing.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

HYMN TO MONT BLANC

[*Before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni*]

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834) was one of a group of famous English poets.

NOTE. Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron which have their sources at the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides, and within a few steps of the glaciers the gentian grows in immense numbers, with its “flowers of loveliest blue.”

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 10 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 15 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 20 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
 I worshiped the Invisible alone.



Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy ;
 5 Till the dilating soul — enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing — there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ; not alone these swelling tears,
 10 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn !

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !
 O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
 15 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald ; wake, O, wake, and utter praise !
 20 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 25 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam? 5
 And who commanded, (and the silence came,)
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice, 10
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers 15
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds! 20
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost;
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest;
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm; 25

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds ;
 Ye signs and wonders of the element, —
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

- Thou too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 5 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 10 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me, — rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
 15 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !

Mont Blanc (môn blān): the highest peak of the Alps. — **Chamouni** (shā' mōō nē): a valley at the foot of Mont Blanc. — **awful**: causing awe. — **Arve** (ärv): a river which finds its outlet in the Rhone. — **Arveiron** (är vā rōn): a tributary of the Arve. — **transfused**: changed ; transferred. — **co-herald**: accompanying herald. — **perilous fall**: the dreaded avalanche. — **element**: the heavens. — **hi'erarch**: a priestly official.

RIBAUT'S FIRST EXPEDITION

FRANCIS PARKMAN

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893) was an eminent American historian who wrote mainly of French exploration and settlement in the New World.

NOTE. For years after the discovery of America there were few attempts to colonize the land now occupied by the United States. Spain was seeking gold in Mexico and Peru, while England and France were absorbed by affairs at home. An effort was made to establish a French colony in Brazil, but it was unsuccessful. Cartier's colony in Canada met with a like fate. The following narrative is abridged from *Pioneers of France in the New World*. 5

In the year 1562 a cloud of black and deadly portent was thickening over France. Surely and swiftly she glided toward the abyss of the religious wars. None could pierce the future, perhaps none dared to contemplate it: the wild rage of fanaticism and hate, friend grappling with friend, brother with brother, father with son; altars profaned, hearthstones made desolate; the robes of Justice herself bedrenched with murder. 15

In these days of fear a second Huguenot colony sailed for the New World. Jean Ribaut of Dieppe commanded the expedition. Under him, besides sailors, were a band of veteran soldiers and a few young nobles. Embarked in two of those antiquated craft whose high poops and tub-like proportions are preserved in the old engravings of De Bry, they sailed from Havre on the eighteenth of February, 1562. They crossed the Atlantic, and on the 25

thirtieth of April, in the latitude of twenty-nine and a half degrees, saw the long, low line where the wilderness of waves met the wilderness of woods. It was the coast of Florida. Soon they descried a jutting point, which they
5 called French Cape, perhaps one of the headlands of Matanzas Inlet. They turned their prows northward, skirting the fringes of that waste of verdure which rolled in shadowy undulation far to the unknown West.

On the next morning, the first of May, they found themselves off the mouth of a great river. Riding at anchor on
10 a sunny sea, they lowered their boats, crossed the bar that obstructed the entrance, and floated on a basin of deep and sheltered water alive with leaping fish. Indians were running along the beach and out upon the sand bars, beckoning them to land. They pushed their boats ashore and
15 disembarked, — sailors, soldiers, and eager young nobles. Corselet and morion, arquebuse and halberd, flashed in the sun that flickered through innumerable leaves, as, kneeling on the ground, they gave thanks to God who had
20 guided their voyage to an issue full of promise.

The Indians, seated gravely under the neighboring trees, looked on in silent respect, thinking that they worshiped the sun. They were in full paint, in honor of the occasion, and in a most friendly mood. With their squaws and
25 children they presently drew near and, strewing the earth with laurel boughs, sat down among the Frenchmen. The latter were much pleased with them, and Ribaut gave the

chief, whom he calls the king, a robe of blue cloth worked in yellow with the royal fleur-de-lis.

But Ribaut and his followers, just escaped from the dull prison of their ships, were intent on admiring the wild scenes around them. Never had they known a fairer May 5 Day. The quaint old narrative is exuberant with delight. The tranquil air, the warm sun, woods fresh with young verdure, meadows bright with flowers; the palm, the cypress, the pine, the magnolia; the grazing deer; herons, curlews, bitterns, woodcock, and unknown waterfowl that 10 waded in the ripple of the beach; cedars bearded from crown to root with long, gray moss; huge oaks smothering in the serpent folds of enormous grapevines;—such were the objects that greeted them in their roamings, till their new-discovered land seemed “the fairest, fruitfulest, 15 and pleasantest of all the world.”

Above all, it was plain to their excited fancy that the country was rich in gold and silver, turquoises and pearls. One of the latter, “as great as an Acorne at ye least,” hung from the neck of an Indian who stood near their 20 boats as they reëmbarked. They gathered, too, from the signs of their savage visitors, that the wonderful land of Cibola, with its seven cities and its untold riches, was distant but twenty days’ journey by water. In truth, it was on the Gila, two thousand miles off, and its wealth a fable. 25

They named the river the River of May (it is now the St. Johns) and on its southern shore, near its mouth,

they planted a stone pillar engraved with the arms of France. Then, once more embarked, they held their course northward, happy in that benign decree which locks from mortal eyes the secrets of the future.

5 Slowly moving northward, they named each river, or inlet supposed to be a river, after the streams of France. At length, opening betwixt flat and sandy shores, they saw a commodious haven, and named it Port Royal.

On the twenty-seventh of May they crossed the bar
10 and, dreaming nothing of what the rolling centuries should bring forth, held their course along the peaceful bosom of Broad River. When they landed, all was solitude. The frightened Indians had fled, but they lured them back with knives, beads, and looking-glasses, and enticed two
15 of them on board their ships. Here, by feeding, clothing, and caressing them, they tried to wean them from their fears; but the captive warriors moaned and lamented day and night, till Ribaut, with the prudence and humanity which seem always to have characterized him, gave over
20 his purpose of carrying them to France, and set them ashore again.

Ranging the woods they found them full of game, wild turkeys and partridges, bears and lynxes. Preliminary exploration, not immediate settlement, had been the object
25 of the voyage; but all was still rose-color in the eyes of the voyagers, and many of their number would fain linger in the new Canaan. Ribaut was more than willing to

humor them. He mustered his company on deck and made them a stirring harangue. He appealed to their courage and their patriotism, told them how, from a mean origin, men rise by enterprise and daring to fame and fortune, and demanded who among them would stay behind and hold Port Royal for the king. The greater part came forward, and "with such a good will," writes the commander, "as we had much to do to stay their importunity."

Thirty were chosen and a fort was forthwith begun about six miles from the site of Beaufort. They named it Charlesfort, in honor of Charles the Ninth. Ammunition and stores were sent on shore, and on the eleventh of June, with his diminished company, Ribaut, again embarking, spread his sails for France.

Ribaut: Jean Ribaut (zhān rē bō') was known for his stanch adherence to the Huguenot party, and for his skill as a sailor. — **Huguenot**: French Protestant. — **Dieppe** (dě ēp'): a French seaport. — **poop**: the high stern of a vessel. — **De Bry** (brē): a painter and engraver of the sixteenth century. — **corselet**: armor for the body. — **mo'ron**: an open helmet. — **arquebuse** (ār'quē būs): an ancient hand gun. — **halberd**: a spear and ax combined. — **fleur-de-lis** (flūr dē lē'): the emblem of France. It is the conventionalized iris. — **ye** (thē): the old printed form of *the*. It is often wrongly pronounced *ye*. Ribaut's account of his voyage was translated into English shortly after his return. No record in the original French exists. — **Cibola** (sē'bō lā): a cluster of Indian villages. — **Gila** (hē'lā): a river of Arizona. — **Canaan** (kā'nān): the promised land of the Israelites. — **Beaufort** (bū'fērt): a seaport of South Carolina, situated upon Port Royal Island. — **Charles the Ninth**: a weak and unhappy king of France. He was under the control of an unscrupulous mother, who was responsible for most of the horrors of his reign.

A NIGHT PIECE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

— The sky is overcast

With a continuous cloud of texture close,
 Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,
 Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,

5 A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
 So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
 Chequering the ground — from rock, plant, tree,
 or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
 Startles the pensive traveler while he treads
 10 His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
 Bent earthwards; he looks up — the clouds are split
 Asunder, — and above his head he sees
 The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.
 There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,
 15 Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
 And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
 Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel away,
 Yet vanish not! — the wind is in the tree,
 But they are silent; — still they roll along
 20 Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
 Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
 Still deepens its unfathomable depth.

THE GROWTH OF A NATION

JOHN FISKE

JOHN FISKE (1842-1901) was an American author and scholar.

The nation over which George Washington was called to preside in 1789 was a third-rate power, inferior in population and wealth to Holland, for example, and about on a level with Portugal or Denmark. The population, numbering less than four million, was thinly scattered through the thirteen states between the Atlantic and the Alleghenies, beyond which mountainous barrier a few hardy pioneers were making the beginnings of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. Roads were few and bad, none of the great rivers were bridged, mails were irregular. There were few manufactures. There were many traders and merchant seamen in the coast towns of the north, but the great majority of the people were farmers who lived on the produce of their own estates and seldom undertook long journeys. Hence the different parts of the country knew very little about each other, and entertained absurd prejudices; and the sentiment of union between the states was extremely weak.

East of the Alleghenies the red man had ceased to be dangerous, but tales of Indian massacre still came from regions no more remote than Ohio and Georgia. By rare good fortune and consummate diplomacy the United

States had secured, at the peace of 1783, all the territory as far as the Mississippi River, but all the vast regions beyond, together with the important city of New Orleans at its mouth; belonged to Spain, the European power which most cordially hated us. The only other power which had possessions in North America was England, from which we had lately won our independence. The feeling entertained toward us in England was one of mortification and chagrin, accompanied by a hope that our half-formed Union would fall in pieces and its separate states be driven by disaster to beg to be taken back into the British Empire. The rest of Europe knew little about the United States and cared less.

This country, however, which seemed so insignificant beside the great powers of Europe, contained within itself the germs of an industrial and political development far greater than anything the world had ever seen. The American population was settled upon a territory much more than capable of supporting it. The natural resources of the country were so vast as to create a steady demand for labor far greater than ordinary increase of population could supply. This is still the case, and for a long time will continue to be the case. It is this simple economic fact which has always been at the bottom of the wonderful growth of the United States. But it was very necessary that the nation should be provided with such a government as would enable it to take full advantage of

this fact. It was necessary, first, that the federal government should be strong enough to preserve peace at home and make itself respected abroad; secondly, that local self-government should be maintained in every part of the Union; thirdly, that there should be absolute free 5 trade between the states. These three great ends our federal Constitution has secured. The requisite strength in the central government was, indeed, not all acquired in a moment. It took a second war with England, in 1812-1815, to convince foreign nations that the American 10 flag could not be insulted with impunity; and it took the terrible Civil War to prove that our government was too strong to be overthrown by the most formidable domestic combination that could possibly be brought against it. The result of both these wars has been to diminish the 15 probable need for further wars on the part of the United States. In spite of these and other minor contests, our federal Constitution for a century kept the American Union in such profound peace as was never seen before in any part of the earth since men began to live upon its 20 surface. Local self-government and free trade within the limits of the Union were not interfered with. As a result, we were able to profit largely by our natural advantages, so that the end of our first century of national existence found us the strongest and richest nation in the world. 25 .

For these blessings, in so far as they are partly the work of wise statesmanship, a large share of our gratitude

is due to the administration of George Washington. . . .
 The character of Washington may want some of those
 poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude,
 but it possessed fewer inequalities and a rarer union of
 5 virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of any other man,
 — prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling
 judgment, an immovable justice, courage that never fal-
 tered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained
 all artifice, magnanimity without alloy. It seems as if
 10 Providence had endowed him in a preëminent degree
 with the qualities requisite to fit him for the high destiny
 he was called upon to fulfill, — to conduct a momentous
 revolution which was to form an era in the history of the
 world, and to inaugurate a new and untried government,
 15 which, to use his own words, was to lay the foundation
 “for the enjoyment of much purer civil liberty and greater
 public happiness than have hitherto been the portion of
 mankind.”

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other
 20 in history, shining with a truer luster and a more benig-
 nant glory. With us his memory remains a national prop-
 erty, where all sympathies throughout our widely extended
 and diversified empire meet in unison. Under all dissen-
 sions and amid all the storms of party his precepts and
 25 example speak to us from the grave with a paternal
 appeal; and his name, by all revered, forms a universal
 tie of brotherhood, a watchword of our Union.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING, a great English poet, was born near London in 1812, and died in Venice, Italy, in 1889.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there!
 And whoever wakes in England 5
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England — now! 10

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
 Hark, when my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent-spray's edge — 15
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew 20
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 — Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

JOHN MILTON AND THE PURITANS

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

John Milton is not only the highest but the completest type of Puritanism. His life is absolutely contemporaneous with his cause. He was born when it began to exercise a direct influence over English politics and English religion; he died when its effort to mold them into its own shape was over, and when it had again sunk into one of many influences to which we owe our English character.

Milton's youth shows us how much of gayety, poetic ease, and intellectual culture lingered in a Puritan home. His surroundings were all rigidly Puritan, but there was nothing narrow or illiberal in his early training. "My father," he says, "destined me while yet a little boy to the study of humane letters, which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight."

In spite of a "certain reservedness of natural disposition," Milton could enjoy the world around him. There was nothing ascetic in his look, in his slender, vigorous frame, his face full of a delicate yet serious beauty, and the rich brown hair that clustered over his brow. But his pleasures were "unreproved." From coarse self-indulgence the young Puritan turned with disgust. It was with this



JOHN MILTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

temper that he passed from his London school to Christ's College at Cambridge, and it was this temper that he preserved throughout his university career.

In minds of a less cultured order this moral tension
 5 ended no doubt in a hard, unsocial sternness of life. The ordinary Puritan "loved all that were godly, much misliking the wicked and profane." His bond to other men was not the sense of a common manhood, but the recognition of a brotherhood among the elect. Without the pale
 10 of the saints lay a world which was hateful to them. It was this utter isolation from the "ungodly" that explains the contrast which startles us between the inner tenderness of the Puritans and the ruthlessness of so many of their actions. Cromwell, whose son's death (in his own
 15 words) went to his heart "like a dagger, indeed it did!" and who rode away sad and wearied from the triumph of Marston Moor, burst into horseplay as he signed the death warrant of the king.

During the Civil War Milton had been engaged in strife
 20 with Presbyterians and with royalists, pleading for civil and religious freedom, for freedom of social life, and freedom of the press. At a later time he became Latin Secretary to the Protector, in spite of a blindness which had been brought on by the intensity of his study. The Restoration
 25 found him of all men the most hateful to the royalists. Parliament ordered his book, *The Defence of the English People*, to be burned, and he was for a time imprisoned.

As age drew on he found himself reduced to comparative poverty and driven to sell his library for subsistence.

Nor was his home a happy one. His temper had become stern and exacting. His daughters, who were forced to read to their blind father in languages which they could not understand, revolted against their bondage. But solitude and misfortune only brought into bolder relief Milton's inner greatness. There was a grand simplicity in the life of his later years. He listened every morning to a chapter of the Hebrew Bible and then pursued his studies until midday. Then he took exercise for an hour, played for another hour upon the organ or viol, and renewed his studies. The evening was spent in converse with visitors and friends. For, lonely and unpopular as Milton was, there was one thing about him which made his house a place of pilgrimage. He was the last of the Elizabethans. Possibly he had seen Shakespeare. His *Comus* had rivaled the masques of Ben Jonson. It was with a reverence drawn from thoughts like these that men looked on the blind poet as he sat, clad in black, in his chamber hung with rusty green tapestry, his brown hair falling as of old over a calm, serene face, his cheeks delicately colored, his clear gray eyes showing no trace of their blindness.

During these years of persecution and loneliness he mused on his great poem, *Paradise Lost*. It was published in 1667, and four years later *Paradise Regained*

and *Samson Agonistes* appeared. Great as the two last works were, their greatness was eclipsed by that of their predecessor, in which the poet's whole genius expressed itself. Whatever was highest and best in the Puritan
 5 temper spoke in the nobleness and elevation of the poem, in its purity of tone, in its loftiness of conception, in its ordered and equable realization of a great purpose.

The great poem of Milton was, however, the epic of a fallen cause. Puritanism had laid down the sword. It
 10 ceased from the long attempt to build up the kingdom of God by force and violence, and fell back on its truer work of building up a kingdom of righteousness in the hearts and consciences of men. It was from the moment of its
 15 seeming fall that its real victory began. Slowly but steadily it introduced its own seriousness and purity into English society, English literature, and English politics.

humane letters: literature tending to refine or "humanize." — **ascetic**: rigidly self-denying. — **temper**: character. — **without the pale**: beyond the boundary. A pale was an inclosed space or field. — **Cromwell**: the leader of the Puritan army. — **Marston Moor**: a celebrated battle field where in 1644 the royal forces were defeated. — **horseplay**: vulgar jesting. — **the king**: Charles I. — **the Civil War**: a rebellion against the royal government. — **the Protector**: Cromwell assumed this title on the overthrow of the monarchy. — **the Restoration**: in 1660 the monarchy was restored. — **the Elizabethans** (ēlĭzəbē'thənz): those who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. — **Comus**: a pastoral drama or "masque." — **Ben Jonson**: a famous English dramatist and poet. — **rusty green tapestry**: Richardson, an English painter, is the authority for this description. — **Samson Agonistes**: a tragedy constructed after the strict rules of the Greek drama. *Agonistes* is the Greek word for "a struggler" or "a champion." See page 426.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

JOHN BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688) was the son of a poor tinker of Bedfordshire, England. The religious excitement of the century made a great impression upon a nature that was peculiarly imaginative and emotional. While in confinement for holding illegal religious meetings he wrote a book called *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which is now considered one of the three great allegories of the world's literature, the others being Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Six years after his release from prison his work was published. The charm of his style, so quaint and graphic and yet so rich and lyrical, made the book one of the most widely read of his own time and of the succeeding centuries. 10

NOTE. The Pilgrim, in Bunyan's allegory, is an earnest soul desirous of leading a good life, and his story is of the temptations and dangers he has to face. The author presents his narrative in the form of a dream. The Pilgrim, on his way to the city of Zion, meets two frightened travelers, Timorous and Mistrust, who warn him of lions in the path. But he goes bravely on, and presently he sees a very stately palace before him, the name of which is Beautiful, and it stands by the highway side. 15

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward that, if possible, he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him. 25

But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that he made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained and are placed there
 5 for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path and no hurt shall come unto thee."

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions; but taking good heed to the directions of the porter,
 10 he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said he to the porter, "Sir, what house is this? And may I lodge here to-night?"

15 The porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims." This porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going. The Pilgrim answered, "I am come from the city of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion;
 20 but, because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night." . . .

"Well," said the porter, "I will call out one of the virgins of this place who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family according to the rules of
 25 the house."

So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house a grave and

beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, "This man is on a journey from the city of Destruction to Mount Zion ; but being weary and benighted he asked me if he might lodge here to-
night : so I told him I would call for thee, who, after dis-
course had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good,
even according to the law of the house."

Then she asked him whence he was and whither he was going, and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way, and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way, and he told her. And at last she asked his name. So he said, "It is Christian : and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by
the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims."

So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes ; and after a little pause she said, "I will call forth two or three more of the family." So she ran to the door and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who after a little
more discourse with him, led him in to the family ; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord ; this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in."

Then he bowed his head and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and set down, they gave

him something to drink and consented together that until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with him for the best improvement of time.

5 Now I saw in my dream that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready, and until late at night. And after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window
10 opened toward the sun rising: the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day. Abridged

allegory: a story with a figurative meaning. — **furlong**: an eighth of a mile. — **virgins**: maidens. — **benighted**: overtaken by darkness. — **seemeth thee**: seemeth to thee. Note the likeness between the language used here and that of the King James translation of the Bible, which had been finished about fifty years before Bunyan wrote his great book.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771) was an English poet and scholar.

NOTE. The Elegy is perhaps the most finished poem in our literature. It was begun in 1742, but was laid aside and not completed until 1750. It gained immediate favor and is still regarded as worthy of the highest praise. 5

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 10
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 15
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 20
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

5 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 10 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 15 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour :
 20 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?

Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

5

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;

10

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

15

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

20

The applause of listening senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

5 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 10 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 15 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 20 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead, 5
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 “Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn 10
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch, 15
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love. 20

“One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

5 Here rests, his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 10 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
 He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 15 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

curfew: a bell rung at bedtime. In the early days of English history it was the signal to cover the fires of the household and go to bed. The summer twilight in England, it must be remembered, lasts much longer than in America. — **lea**: open field or meadow. — **save**: except. — **glebe**: ground; earth. — **broke**: an old form still used in poetry. — **jocund**: merry. — **awaits**, etc.: an inverted sentence of which *hour* is the subject. — **fretted**: carved. — **pregnant with celestial fire**: filled with celestial fire. — **living**: waking to life; animating. — **Hampden**: a noted English statesman and patriot. — **madding**: mad. — **e'en**: even. — **melancholy**: the love of meditation, thoughtfulness; a somewhat rare use of the word.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

ANDREW D. WHITE

ANDREW D. WHITE (1832-) is an eminent American scholar and diplomat.

NOTE. The following pages are the conclusion of a lecture on "The Statesmanship of Bismarck," delivered July 13, 1909, before the summer session of Cornell University.

5

Something less than a year since, I passed a day amid my old haunts on the shore of the German Ocean and visited Friedrichsruhe, the second of the two great estates given Bismarck in gratitude for his services to his country.

There it was that he had passed the happiest years of his later life. In those broad forests I trod



PRINCE BISMARCK

(After a painting by *Franz von Lenbach*)

his favorite paths, rested in his accustomed seats, looked forth over the prospects which he had most enjoyed. In

the old, hospitable mansion I lingered in the room where he died, all things in it remaining as at his death hour; sat in his workroom, at his table. In the rooms where he was wont to lavish hospitality I talked with his grandson, 5 the heir to his title, a bright boy of twelve years, and he seemed to welcome kindly my hope expressed to him that he would bear worthily his great name. Noteworthy were the manifold tokens of love and gratitude from the fellow-citizens of the great Chancellor, among them a striking 10 copy of the picture representing him standing before the emperor William the First, in the sumptuous hall of Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles, and announcing to the world the German Empire.

But one thing remained, of deeper interest than all else. 15 Hard by, in a chapel of plain hewn stone, was his tomb, a single block of granite above it, bearing the simple words which he had ordered placed upon it: "Prince Bismarck — a faithful servant of Kaiser William the First." Significant of much is it that no mention is made of the two 20 succeeding emperors whom he served. But of far deeper significance is the inscription over the adjacent altar. In letters of gold it gives Bismarck's favorite text, that which Schleiermacher placed in his hands at his confirmation in his boyhood, words of St. Paul to the Colossians: "Do it 25 heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

There is the key to Bismarck's character, without which no man can understand him. Faults he had, and

great faults ; errors he committed, and great errors ; but at the foundation of the whole man was his loyalty to duty, and this was enforced by his unconquerable will. This it was which gave him that success which astonished the world, — which made him the greatest German since 5 Luther, and one of the greatest men who ever lived.

My friends, you are entering life ; I am leaving it. Let me tell you that his key to success is yours. I have seen sixty successive generations of students graduated at American colleges and universities, forty-two of them 10 here at Cornell. I have watched their after careers. Some who seemed likely to succeed have failed ; some who seemed likely to fail have made successes. And it has become clear to me that the great secret of all success worth having is character — sound, solid, truthful, 15 wholesome character — based upon a sense of duty and enforced by a strong will. Without this you will have no success worth having. With this all the success worth having is sure.

Friedrichsruhe (frēd'riks ruə) · “Frederick's rest.” — **Bismarck** : a great Prussian statesman, who brought about the union of the small German states into one powerful empire. After the war with France (1870-1871) he dictated the terms of peace and had the satisfaction of seeing King William of Prussia crowned emperor of Germany in the palace of the French kings. Bismarck was made Chancellor a few days later. — **Versailles** (vair säy) : a royal palace near Paris ; it was the headquarters of the German invaders. — **Kaiser** (kī'zēr) : Emperor. — **Schleiermacher** (shlī'ēr māk ēr) : a famous preacher and professor. — **Luther** : the founder of Protestantism.



TO AUTUMN

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821) was one of the most famous English poets.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

5 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,

10 And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep, 5
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look, 10
 Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ; 15
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft 20
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

gran'ary : a storehouse for grain. — **fume of poppies** : opium, a drug which induces sleep, is obtained from poppies. — **sallows** : willows. — **bourn** : boundary. — **croft** : a small inclosed piece of land. — **gathering swallows** : the swallows gather for their migration early in the autumn.

THE PRICE OF WAR

DAVID STARR JORDAN

DAVID STARR JORDAN (1851-) is a well-known American author who for many years has been the president of Leland Stanford Junior University in California.

NOTE. The following are brief selections from Dr. Jordan's essay.

5 There was once a time when the struggles of armies resulted in a survival of the fittest, when the race was indeed to the swift and the battle to the strong. The invention of gunpowder has changed all this. Except in the kind of warfare called guerilla, the quality of the individual
10 ual has ceased to be much of a factor. There is little play for selection in modern war save what is shown in the process of enlistment.

America has grown strong with the strength of peace, the spirit of democracy. Her wars have been few. Were
15 it not for the mob spirit they would have been still fewer; but in most of them she could not choose but fight. Volunteer soldiers have swelled her armies, men who went forth of their own free will, knowing whither they were going, believing their acts to be right, and taking patiently
20 whatever the fates might hold in store. . . .

It was at Lexington that "the embattled farmers" "fired the shot heard round the world." To them life was of less value than a principle, the principle written by Cromwell on the statute book of Parliament. "All just powers under

God are derived from the consent of the people." Since the War of the Revolution many patriotic societies have arisen, finding their inspiration in personal descent from those who fought for American independence. The assumption, well justified by facts, is that these were a superior 5 type of men, and that to have had such names in our personal ancestry is of itself a cause for thinking more highly of ourselves. In our little private round of peaceful duties we feel that we might have wrought the deeds of Putnam and Allen, of Marion and Greene, of our Revolutionary an- 10 cestors, whoever they may have been. But if those who survived were nobler than the mass, so also were those who fell. If we go over the records of brave men and wise women whose fathers fought at Lexington, we must think also of the men and women who shall never be, whose 15 right to exist was cut short at this same battle. It is a costly thing to kill off men, for in men alone can national greatness consist. . . .

We can never know what might have been. We can never know how great is our actual loss, nor can we 20 know how far the men that are fall short of the men that ought to have been. It may be that the vexing problems of to-day, the problems of greed and lawlessness, would be easier if we had the men who ought to have been to help us in their settlement. . . . 25

How long will the republic endure? So long as the ideas of its founders remain dominant. How long will

these ideas remain dominant? Just so long as the blood of its founders remains dominant in the blood of its people. Not the blood of the Puritans and the Virginians alone, the original creators of free states. We must not read our
 5 history so narrowly as that. It is the blood of free-born men, whoever they may be, which creates a free nation. Our republic shall endure so long as the human harvest is good, so long as the movement of history, the progress of science and industry, leaves for the future not the worst
 10 but the best of each generation. The republic of Rome lasted so long as there were Romans; the republic of America will last so long as its people, in blood and in spirit, remain what we have learned to call Americans. . . .

War is bad, only to be justified as the last resort of "man-
 15 gled, murdered liberty," a terrible agency to be evoked only when all other arts of self-defense shall fail. The remedy for most ills of men is not to be sought in "whirlwinds of rebellion that shake the world," but in peace and justice, equality among men, and the cultivation of those virtues
 20 which have been virtues ever since man and society began, and will be virtues still when the era of strife is past.

It is the voice of political wisdom, the expression of the best political economy which falls from the bells of Christmas tide: "Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

"the embattled farmers": a quotation from Emerson's "Concord Hymn."
 — Putnam and Allen, Marion and Greene: Revolutionary heroes.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

JOSEPH B. GILDER

JOSEPH B. GILDER is an American journalist. The following poem was printed in 1900.

Untrammeled Giant of the West,
 With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
 With all of Heaven's mercies blessed, 5
 Nor of thy power unduly proud —
 Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
 And godlike in thy strength of will, —

Before thy feet the ways divide:
 One path leads up to heights sublime; 10
 Downward the other slopes, where bide
 The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
 Choose then, nor falter at the start,
 O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak, 15
 Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
 No guerdon for thy valor seek,
 No end beyond the avowèd end.
 Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
 Be godlike in the will to serve! 20

Giant of the West: a name justified by the marvelous growth of the United States. — **guerdon** (gě'r'dón): reward.



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